

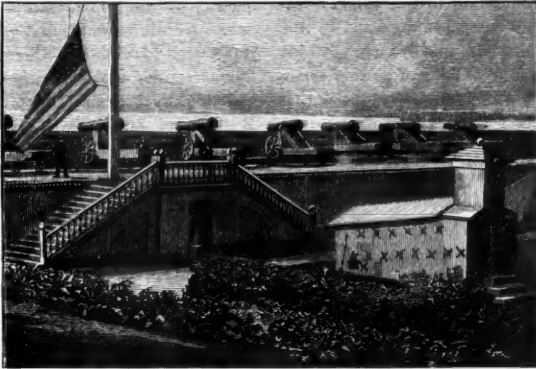
# THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

VOLUME II.

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NUMBER 2.

## THE FIRST DAY OF REAL WAR.



FORT MOULTRIE BEFORE THE WAR; SUMTER IN THE DISTANCE.

AMONG all her fields of historic interest America has no spot fraught with more suggestive memories than the city, harbor, and environs of Charleston. Here sounded the first key-note of civil war; here the storm clouds that had been gathering for forty years first discharged their thunder-bolts, and here began that exhibition of the skill, bravery, and endurance characteristic of the American race which became the wonder of the civilized world.

The month of April, 1861, witnessed the first clash of contending arms. Previous political events had succeeded each other rapidly. The election of Abraham Lincoln, the secession of South Carolina, the failure of the commissioners to obtain peaceable possession of the property claimed by the State, the midnight removal of Major Anderson and his garrison from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, the endeavors of the General Government to provision that stronghold, the firing on the "Star of the West," the departure from the North of a fleet of armed vessels designed to menace Charleston, the pending negotiations between Anderson and the Confederate authorities, these and other incidents had stirred the blood

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of the people to fever heat, and there existed all the premonitory symptoms of the tremendous struggle about to begin.

Charleston was thronged. Business, if not suspended, was unsettled. Anxious groups were congregated from morning until night to gather tidings from the telegrams flitting between Charleston and Montgomery, the Confederate capital. The prudent merchant had "set his house in order," and, with his clerks, prepared to take the field, and the commercial traveler from the North sadly turned his face toward home. The degree of military enthusiasm which prevailed can scarcely be conceived. Not to be a soldier or in some manner identified with the cause was to be an object of suspicion or scorn. The rank and file was represented by all pursuits and professions. From the pulpit, court, and school-room; from library and work-shop; from barren sand-hills and populated cities, hundreds poured forth who vied with each other in a desire to exhibit their patriotic virtues. Without uniformity of dress, wearing no insignia save the emblematic palmetto-tree crescent or cockade, marching with irregular steps that would have caused a smile but for the solemnity of the hour and the grave

purpose written in men's faces. Gray-beards and youth, grandsires and children, such were the people who dared to cross lances in mortal combat with the legions of the North.

Beauregard was in command. He came from New Orleans, a stranger as it were, and perhaps he little understood the scrutiny to which he would be subjected by the proud Carolinians who were disinclined at such a juncture to brook the control of any one whose passport to fame had not been written by themselves. But there was something in the well-defined physiognomy and compact physique, in the dark eye, firm lip, and massive chin of the great Creole that told of hidden power; something in the full brow and shapely head that spoke of resources yet to be developed; something in the stolid exterior, so calm, yet be-

dangerous "Merrimac" and other Confederate ironclads. This was confided to the construction of Clement H. Stevens, a bank officer of Charleston, who subsequently rose by gallantry in battle to the rank of brigadier-general, and was killed in front of Atlanta.

It is due to the late William Gilmore Simms, the distinguished Southern novelist, to state that this iron battery was suggested by him in a series of letters, first to Hon. William Porcher Miles, a member of the convention, and subsequently of the Confederate Congress. These letters were afterward, under his instructions, transferred to Hon. D. F. Jamison, president of the convention and secretary of war of South Carolina, in the cabinet of Governor Pickens. By General Jamison's written instructions to General Trapier, the work was undertaken in

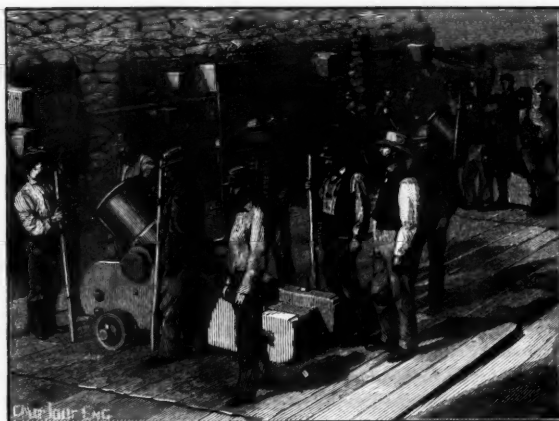
accordance with the views of Mr. Simms, the construction being confided to Mr. Stevens.

During the progress of the work, General Jamison, accompanied by ex-Governor Allston and Mr. Simms, visited the battery, when Allston took occasion to state that he would not care to trust himself behind such a curious defense, as it could not be safe.

"Well," was the reply of General Jamison, pointing to Mr. Simms, "here is the very man who is responsible for it."

The author quickly demonstrated the difference between the wooden walls of a frigate and the iron-plated incline of a wall at an angle of forty-three degrees and more than twelve inches thick.

The structure consisted of a roof of railroad iron, rising diagonally from the sand, supported by wooden beams and flanked by layers of sand bags. The muzzles of three eight-inch columbiads protruded from the iron sky-lights, which were made to rise and close automatically before and after each discharge. Close at hand was another battery of three ten-inch mortars, two forty-two pounders, and a small English rifle cannon presented to the State by Charles H. Prioleau, Esq., of the English branch of the house of John Fraser & Co. Both of these works were under the direct command of Major P. F. Stevens, superintendent of the Citadel



MORTAR BATTERY, CUMMING'S POINT, MORRIS ISLAND, APRIL 14, 1861.

speaking latent fire, and it was not long before the hero of Contreras and Churubusco sat enthroned in the hearts of the people as one of their most cherished idols.

The position of the several fortifications at this time may be briefly described: Looking from the city down the harbor might be seen, looming up from the water in bold relief against the sky, the then comely shape of Fort Sumter, the only resting place of the stars and stripes in South Carolina. Opposite to and on the right of the stronghold, Cumming's Point, the extremity of Morris Island, stretched away still further to the south until the curve of its white beach was lost to view. On this point were three batteries, mounting in all six guns. Among them was the nondescript fortification which afterwards became the pattern of the

Academy—the West Point of the South—and were occupied by the Palmetto Guards, Captain George Cuthbert, one of the old volunteer companies of Charleston. Nearer the city, but still on the right of the view, was Fort Johnson, where were two eleven-inch mortars and one twenty-four-pounder. From this position the first gun was fired.

On the left of the harbor, opposite and north of Fort Sumter, seventeen hundred yards distant, was Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, then mounting thirty-eight guns of various caliber, manned by the State regulars, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Roswell G. Ripley, formerly of the United States Army, subsequently a Confederate major-general, and now in New York. Four hundred yards nearer the city was a battery of two ten-inch mortars and an enfilade battery of two twenty-four and two thirty-two-pound guns, commanded by Lieutenant Jacob Valentine, one of the veterans of the Mexican war. Anchored a short distance still nearer was a floating battery, a mere mud flat, with a front wall of palmetto logs faced with iron and pierced for three guns. These were served under the direction of John Randolph Hamilton, an ex-officer of the United States Navy. Besides these, other batteries had been erected at various weak points along the coast. On the left of Fort Moultrie was a little cottage in which, by direction of Colonel Ripley, was erected a calcium light by two young students from the South Carolina College. One of these was I. M. Logan, who, leaving his studies, had joined the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston. Later he became famous as one of the best of skirmish leaders, and won his spurs as a general. Since the war his executive abilities have been recognized as the organizer and Vice-President of the Richmond and Danville Railway system, and as chief in engineering enterprises which have been largely developed in the South. This light was intended to cover the channel through which ships could enter. In fact, the entire coast of the neighborhood was lined with protective and defensive works, and the most adroit of enemies would have found it difficult to penetrate the stronghold.

While hundreds of busy slaves, not less enthusiastic than their masters, were engaged in strengthening these lines of defense, negotiations were in progress to prevent the arbitrament of battle, but they proved of no avail. On the 8th of April, an authorized messenger from Mr. Lincoln informed Governor Pickens

that provisions would be sent to Fort Sumter, "Peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary." General Beauregard was thereupon instructed to demand its evacuation, and in case of refusal to resort to arms. The formal request was made on the 11th of April; the expected negative was received, and then Beauregard notified Major Anderson that at 4:30 o'clock on the morning of 12th, he would "open fire!" The bloody line was drawn!

The intelligence that war was about to be inaugurated circulated like wildfire through the community. A few were flippant, and treated the coming encounter as if it were only a mere political episode. There were others, however, whose thoughts were full of the mighty issues of the hour, and whose faces grew dark with the solemn shadows of a portentous future.

The utmost activity prevailed; steamers industriously plied between the city and fortifications, bearing troops and dispatches; cannon rumbled through the streets; volunteers, singly and in squads, by companies and regiments, arrived from the interior on every train, and the promenade exhibited a commingling of citizens from nearly every State, who, having heard the war slogan, hurried hither to unite upon a common battle-field.

The first company to arrive from the country was "the minute men of Abbeville," under the command of Captain James Perrin, afterward a colonel and killed in Virginia. Such was the haste of preparation to leave home that their uniforms, consisting of red hunting shirts and black trowsers, were made by the ladies of the town in a single day, and that day the Sabbath. The students in the South Carolina College, at Columbia, came in a body under the command of Captain John H. Gary, who was afterward killed in Fort Wagner, on Morris Island. They had asked permission from the president of the institution to join the forces in Charleston, but this not being promptly accorded at the time, on the ground that their services were not needed, they threatened rebellion against the college authorities, and left Columbia in spite of the faculty.

As evening approached the restlessness of the community became almost painful. A call had been made for volunteers to perform patrol duty during the night. The young men were in camp, but the fathers and grandfathers responded, and with their private arms a thousand assembled at the rendezvous on the Cita-

del Green. Every one sought to have a place in the picture.

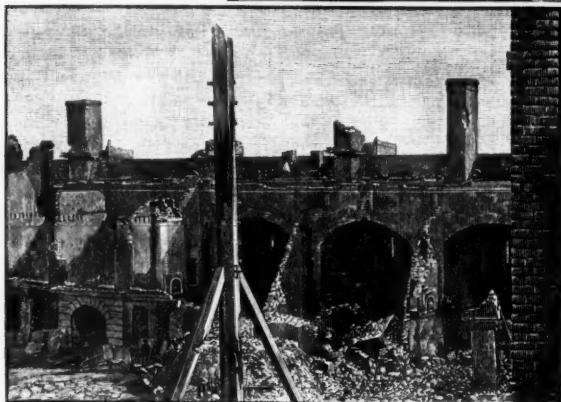
Charleston slumbered lightly during that eventful night. There was no noise, no confusion, no commotion. The machinery of battle had all been pre-arranged for the terrible work about to begin, and, save the slow, pattering footsteps of the mounted guard, or the tread of wakeful pedestrians, silence reigned. The gas-jets burned low in a thousand chambers, and many a pillow was wet with the tears of gentle women, praying in the still watches of the night for the safety of the loved ones sleeping at the guns.

"Go," said a noble wife to her husband, as she stood in the porch of their dwelling, with their infant child in her arms, to say farewell; "Go! God bless you! and when this fight is

vate in that circle of batteries is at his post. The curtains of the night are drawn aside, and as the bells of the distant city strike, one—two—three—four—a group of soldiers gather around a mortar in Fort Johnson. They little realize, however, that in those silvery notes rolling across the waters of the bay, they have heard the death-knell of eighty years of peace.

Among the officers are Colonel James H. Chesnut, ex-United States Senator, Colonel A. H. Chisholm, now the editor and proprietor of

SECTION OF PARAPET OF FORT SUMTER: SEA-FACE, SHOWING EFFECT OF RAKING FIRE FROM FORT MOULTRIE, APRIL 14, 1861.



FLAG-STAFF, CASEMATES, AND RUINS IN FORT SUMTER, APRIL 14, 1861.\*

over let this boy be not ashamed to call you father." Then the door closed, and overcome by emotion she fell insensible upon the floor. When restored to consciousness, her first inquiry was, "Did he see me faint?" Such was the Spartan-like heroism with which at that early day the women of the South prepared

"To walk the earth with bleeding feet, yet smile."

April 12th! The hour of action is at hand. It is not yet daylight, but every officer and pri-

a mining journal in New York, and Major Stephen D. Lee, subsequently a lieutenant-general, the *aides* of Beauregard, by whom the final note was conveyed to Major Anderson. Watch in hand, they await the approach of the half hour when the signal gun is to sound the tocsin of civil war; and as the last second of the last minute is

recorded upon the dial-plate, there is a flash of light, the thunder of a gun, an eleven-inch shell traces its pathway toward Fort Sumter with a long thin line of fire. Another quickly follows, and the chorus of battle is fairly opened, the prelude to a mighty drama of revolution. The first of these shells was discharged by Captain George S. James, and the second by Lieutenant Hampton Gibbs.

The scenes of that April morning in the city of Charleston will never be fully portrayed. Nor

\*All of these engravings were made by the Courier-Journal Engraving Company from photographs taken at the time by Osborne, Charleston, South Carolina.



tongue, nor pen, nor canvas can convey an idea of the reality in all of its details. Let the reader imagine a population startled from their slumbers by such an alarm. Lights flash as if by magic from the windows of every house, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, an agitated mass of people are rushing impetuously toward the water front of the city. Grave citizens, whose dignity under ordinary circumstances is unimpeachable, are at the top of their speed, dressing as they run, and sending up wild hurrahs as if they must have some such safety-valve for their enthusiasm or be suffocated. There are men *sans* coats, women *sans* crinoline, and children in their night-gowns. "The battery," or fashionable promenade, presents a scene of *deshabille* in every style, and the mysteries of the feminine toilet are revealed with a reckless disregard of all the formula of

battle now raged with fury, and the fiery messengers from both sides followed each other with spiteful haste. Short, sharp reports with spurts of flame told of bursting shells in and around the beleaguered fortress, while splashes of spray or clouds of crumbled brick marked the ugly force of round shot on its face. To the spectator, no display of pyrotechnic skill could have been more attractive.

At dawn a shower of rain dispersed the throng gathered on the "Battery," but at sunrise thousands again congregated who, with fever undiminished, watched the progress of the fight. The elegant mansions in the neighborhood were also filled with observers, while in the roadway of the broad plaza were hundreds of carriages, and the horsemen who had hurried to the scene from towns and villages miles away.



SEA-FACE OF FORT SUMTER: GUNS DISMOUNTED BY FORT MOULTRIE.

conventional attire. And so with faces pale, hair unkempt, and eyes sharpened by the strange fascination of the weird spectacle, the impassioned multitude stand by the hour peering into the darkness and reading the progress of the fight by the flashing of the guns.

Our batteries had all opened, or, to use the language of Colonel Ripley, "rung their breakfast bell for Major Anderson." For nearly two hours they pounded at the walls of Fort Sumter with desperate energy, but without eliciting response. Scarcely, however, had objects on the low coast become well defined amid the shadows of the morning when, as if wrathful from the enforced delay, there suddenly poured from parapet and casemate, a storm of iron hail. The murmur rang through the crowd and was caught up and carried into the city, "*Fort Sumter has opened fire!*" The

A single incident illustrates the enthusiastic sentiment which pervaded the entire community. Among the spectators was a decrepid old gentleman over seventy years of age. Long before daylight he had tottered to one of the wharves as a point of observation. I found him still there in the afternoon, on my return from the fortifications, and announced to him "that thus far no one was hurt." Taking me by the hand, he remarked, "Sir, I have five sons on Morris Island, and they are all that attach me to life, but I would not utter one murmur while standing over their graves if they died fighting to-day."

Dispatches were received by Beauregard almost hourly, and by bulletins communicated to the people. The following will convey an idea of the character of these first messages of the war:

SULLIVAN ISLAND, 9 A. M. The floating battery has been struck eleven times, but the balls failed to penetrate. Major Anderson is concentrating his fire on the floating battery and the Dahlgren battery of Captain J. R. Hamilton. No houses on fire. One of the barbette guns in Fort Sumter has been dismantled. A steamer, supposed to be the "Nashville," hove in sight, but upon hearing the firing put back to sea.

CAMP BOMAR, 11 A. M. No fleet in sight yet. Sumter badly damaged on the parapet and among the buildings. Fort Moultrie and the floating battery are receiving Anderson's special attention. No one injured on our side. Ripley is in his shirt sleeves working his guns himself. The work progresses finely.

MORRIS ISLAND, STEVENS' BATTERY, 12 A. M. The battery has been struck ten times. One gun disabled by an injury to a trap-door, but no one hurt.

LATER. We have repaired damages and resumed firing.

Major Anderson began to use his guns *en barbette* about half past six o'clock, but the rain of missiles from every side drove the men to the casemates, where they remained. In order to prevent any further attempt to fire from the parapet, both Fort Moultrie and the floating battery, in connection with a company of sharpshooters armed with Enfield rifles, directed their attention chiefly to the guns there located. The result was that long before dark every *bouche de feu* was disabled, the carriages shattered, and the parapet rendered practically defenseless.

About seven o'clock in the evening the brisk firing of the day was succeeded by a comparative calm, and, agreeably to orders from headquarters, shells were thrown from the various fortifications during the remainder of the night only at intervals of twenty minutes. To this bombardment Major Anderson made no response, and his men, exhausted by their work and the smoky atmosphere of the casemates, sought rest in sleep.

Military enthusiasm in its first "do-or-die" stage, when patriotic electricity snapped and sparkled in the eyes of men, and the lust of battle glowed in their faces, might have best been seen among those who manned the Confederate fortifications.

It was a curious blending of humanity; yet you could not but be impressed that it was a humanity that represented the sentiment of South Carolina. In their shirt sleeves, with heads bare, and features smoke-begrimed, working heavy guns, were the gentlemen you met only a few days before at the Charleston Club, elegant types of wealth and leisure. Here was a clergyman, or some of his deacons; there a bank president, or a rich wholesale merchant; yonder, around a lunch basket, might be seen a group of planters discussing cold chicken, sar-

dines, and sweet cake, and washing the same down with aged Madeira, drunk from silver goblets. And so, scattered through the several commands, were members of all of the professions, journalists, judges, legislators, and public officials, citizens of town and country, all proud to serve as soldiers in the ranks. Many of these gentlemen had never heard a shotted gun before that day, yet with a mixture of chivalry and rashness they would spring to the crest of their earthwork after each fire to watch the effect of their aim, and then cheer for Major Anderson, as the responsive missiles came shrieking back. The aggregated wealth of several of the companies might have been counted by millions, and in them the Rutledges, Ravenels, Lowndeses, Pickenses, Laurenses, Hugers, Calhouns, Rhett, Middletons, Manigaults, Hamptons, Prestons, and others, the old historic names of the State, answered to the roll-call, "Here!"

Colonel Thomas Sumter, the grandson of "the Game-cock of the Revolution," after whom the fort was named in 1833, was a private in the Palmetto Guards. Ex-Governor John L. Manning, grandson of ex-Governor Laurence Manning, one of the conspicuous heroes of Eutaw, was also a private. The venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, likewise claimed a place in the picture. As a tribute to his patriotism and great age, he was elected an honorary member of one of the companies, and having traveled from Virginia for the purpose, he was permitted to fire the first shot against Fort Sumter from the iron battery. Hon. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, was present as an *aide-de-camp* of General Beauregard.

Among the many personal incidents that occurred during the day, the following may be related: During the heaviest of the firing from Fort Sumter, Colonel Lamar, who was making a tour of the batteries on Morris Island, saw a Confederate soldier much exposed, but stolidly maintaining his position at a gun which was pointed seaward and of no manner of immediate use. Knowing the man, he called out, "Hello, there, Lloyd! what in thunder are you doing by that gun in the midst of this fire? Jump into your rat-hole, man, quick!" But Lloyd remained immovable, and looking askance at the excavation thus considerably recommended to his attention, he slowly replied, "Not now, Colonel; the blamed thing might cave in you know. And then some day after the battle may be they'd dig me out, and be sure to say, 'Well, if here ain't Lloyd

Mitchell, who ran away from Major Anderson and stuck himself into a rat-hole! Served him right! No, sir-ee, Colonel, they put me by this gun, and I'll stand by it or bust. Durn your rat-holes, when there's plenty of daylight."

During the night fires were kept brightly

blazing in the harbor for the purpose of detecting the launches of the distant fleet, should they attempt to relieve the garrison. The yellow glare illumined the darkness for miles around; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled weird-like and drearily among the sand-hills of the islands. So ended the first day.

*F. G. de Fontaine.*

## OLD-TIME SERVICE.

IN military circles one occasionally hears something about "the old army," by which is meant the regular army before the war of the rebellion. The army still does hard and, for the most part, unappreciated work, but the conditions of military life in this country have almost wholly changed since 1860. Rapid transmission of news and comparatively easy transportation have made the frontier garrison accessible to outside civilization, and the present policy of concentrating troops at large stations has dissipated the isolated experience of the numerous small frontier posts at which most officers of the line passed the better part of their lives. It used to be that the commanding officer of a one-company post was a pretty well fixed and by no means unimportant man, and it was not uncommon for a lieutenant to be sent off with a small detachment to occupy some remote and lonely station for months at a time. An Indian expedition that brought a considerable number of troops together, not only furnished the excitement of active service, but was hailed as a season of social reunion.

The old army itself occupied an isolated position with reference to the rest of the people. The necessities of the Indian frontier made it almost a stranger to the older parts of the country, and as it was the pioneer of Western settlement and its interests were not identified with those of the new settlers, even on the frontier it was regarded as a stranger temporarily sojourning among those who were searching for or making permanent homes. In the strife that was continually arising between settlers and Indians, the army took neither side. It held itself aloof from all such controversy, and it acted only when necessity demanded and orders came, and then it made no inquiry and expressed no opinion as to the merits of the situation. Even where the law and length of residence permitted it, army men were not in

the habit of voting or taking any part in local politics, and the older officers strenuously discouraged and, when occasion demanded, positively disapproved any participation in such affairs. The officer who ventured into politics fell in the esteem of his associates, and the officer who was tempted by the opportunities for trading offered by a new country soon found it more agreeable to resign. The army supplied no new senators or representatives to Congress, and in the midst of thousands of chances for making rapid fortunes army men remained poor. Not a few enlisted men who served their time and were discharged at frontier posts settled in the neighborhood and became useful and wealthy citizens; but the commissioned officers considered themselves enlisted for life, and it was seldom any thing could tempt them to abandon their profession.

The popular manner of appointment to West Point brought poor men chiefly into the army, while hard service and the deprivations of the frontier were strong inducements to wealthy men to quit the service and seek more comfortable if not more congenial surroundings. In an organization where there were so few men of even independent private fortunes, it was esteemed no discredit to be poor; and as the sutler and commissary conducted a cash business, and the collection of their bills was enforced as a part of the good order and military discipline of the army, it came about that each officer was expected to live as his pay warranted. It has never been found in the best society of our country that the ladies and gentlemen of the army were out of place, yet their practice of the customs of refined society, especially in dress and entertainment, was at frontier posts under circumstances which nine tenths of their social class in more favored localities would be ashamed to reveal. This frank recognition of pecuniary inability was carried

by army people every where, and to this day it is matter for surprise, in fashionable circles in fashionable cities, that army men and women should admit a want of money as the reason for not doing something that seems desirable.

This condition of things had its drawbacks and sorrows. For a long time an officer could not insure his life, and when the actuaries finally reached his case it was rated extra hazardous and the premium was so high few could afford it. When the ordinary circumstances of death struck down the husband and father, too often the widow and children were penniless. When these things came it was not unusual for the officers of a post to contribute out of their own small store the means to return the bereaved family to the mother's friends. More than one young girl so situated has been educated through like means as a real daughter of the regiment. I have heard music lessons given on a piano that was a present to a soldier's daughter from young officers who were the comrades of her father. If death came in form of an Indian's arrow or bullet, the condition of the family was a trifle better. In the old time the public sentiment of the country was that an army officer enjoyed a soft place in life, and that when he died leaving no estate his family was no worse off than many families in civil life. If the officer was actually killed in battle, he was accounted to have taken that risk in his employment, and begrudgingly, and only because it was the custom of nations, a miserable pension was given to his widow and dependent children, and thereafter they were rated as enjoying an unearned bounty. The civil war brought home to all our people the extreme perils of a soldier's life, and the distressing consequences to dependent survivors of sudden and untimely death. The sentiment of the country changed. The ease with which any man, who can trace any slight physical infirmity to any possible cause arising in any service any where in the civil war, can now get a pension, proves, in comparison with these older times, how hard is sympathy until it is brought home, and how lavish it is when it gets there.

Railroad and telegraph have made army operations a daily item of news and the sensational enterprise of newspapers has exalted Indian fights to the dignity of highly displayed head-lines. Every one knows about the Modoc war, Custer's last rally, and Howard's march after the *Nez Percés*. But of the continual Indian warfare of the thirty preceding years the country knows very little, and at the time knew lit-

tle more. The visitor to West Point stands before the monument to Dade and his men, and wonders who they were. It is the history of a dreadful massacre in Florida, equaling in its tragic incidents the massacre of Custer's command. Howard had to fight but a fraction of the *Nez Percé* tribe, and he apprehended no trouble from the remainder of the tribe nor from the powerful tribes of the Spokanes and the Pend d'Oreilles. Twenty years before all these tribes were in a war that brought on most sanguinary battles and affairs, and left a lesson to these Indians they never forgot. That war was before the telegraph and the railroad, and when its news reached the East by way of the Isthmus of Panama it was old news, and would not have been exciting news if obtained six weeks earlier. I often think of generally unknown incidents, of which I have knowledge, and wonder how they would look now in startling head-lines and with thrilling description. There is Steptoe's hard fight and desperate retreat with his wounded men, and that brave young chevalier, Gaston, his pistol flung to the ground beside the six Indians it had killed, and he, in his wild valor, charging single-handed into a group of savages, his long saber flashing in circles and laying six more foes in as many strokes, and then flying straight out from his hand as his tall form reeled for a moment and plunged headlong into the group of dead men beneath him. On the other hand, there was Slaughter, in a dense wood, with his pickets out, his camp apparently secure, his men taking their supper, and he reading a letter by the camp-fire. In the dark, not many yards distant, there was a sudden flash of light, and, without a word, Slaughter fell dead among his men, and beyond a momentary glimpse of a flying form no one knew how the stealthy savage came so near and escaped so easily. And so there are many unpainted pictures in my mind worthy of pen and pencil, that, coming now, would be heralded over the world, but, occurring when they did, were passed unnoticed, and their heroes are yet unsung.

Among many good people the impression formerly prevailed that army men were a hard-drinking, card-playing, reckless, Godless set. The opinion was entirely unjust. The army was made up of men of all ages, and with the usual variety of disposition. There were men who drank hard and played hard, but the majority of officers—a majority sufficient to give character to the army—were a temperate, prudent, and self-respecting class, who recognized

their obligations to society and their duty to family. The army woman had not an easy lot, measuring ease by the standard of civil life; but it has always been remarked that army wives are happy and contented, and surely no wives can be in this condition when their husbands are dissipated, reckless, and wickedly profane men. As a rule, army women were religious. It was a point of faith with them to be religious under all circumstances. If there was a billiard-room at the post, it was closed on Sunday; and if any young officer turned a card on Sunday, he never let it be known among the women of the post. The deference to women, which seems always to have been a conspicuous feature of the soldier's character, exercised a powerful influence in the old army, and no doubt had a strong restraining effect. Nor was religion confined to the women. Some of the most conspicuously pious men I have ever known were officers of the old-time service. Indeed, this matter of religion was of a somewhat compulsory character. After the usual Sunday morning inspection the men were given their choice of going to church or remaining in barracks and listening to the reading of the Articles of War. The driest sermon ever preached by the dullest army chaplain was exciting compared to the monotonous reading of the dreary code of law provided for military life.

It might be supposed that all idea of the home-tie would be destroyed by the almost nomadic life of the old army. But all the military posts were familiar places to army people, and if a new post was established, as was so often the case, the place might be new, but the associates were old. Absence from the old home is keenly felt only so long as the new home with its new people is strange. The only place where an old-line officer felt strange was in some city where he passed a tour of recruiting service. His real home was the army, and his quarters, wherever they might be, was a bright and cheerful home where, with his wife and little children, he led a contented and happy life, which was broken into only by the stern command that called him to the field.

Perhaps the shifting life of the old army can best be illustrated by some personal reminiscences, though they were of no uncommon character. In the first three years of my life I had changed my place of residence near a dozen times. Before I had reached the dignity of breeches I had gone pretty much every where the War Department could think of

sending us; and when the women and children of the army were left to themselves and clustered about the garrisons that seemed most like home, while the husbands and fathers were far off in Mexico, I compared notes with other lads as to how our anxious mothers received the intelligence of a fight, a wound, or perhaps, alas! an untimely and brave death that occasioned a line of mention in the bulletins. The women of the army had lived in stockades they dare not leave; they had seen their own houses barricaded and turned into strongholds, and had heard the Indian war-whoop, and seen the flaming torch, and faced unutterable possibilities; but this thing of a foreign war was new to them, and they gathered their little ones about them and sat trembling in anticipation of the next direful news.

Before that time, I can remember the frequent relation of quickly succeeding occurrences beyond my memory: at Sackett's Harbor and Baton Rouge; Green Bay and Key West; on rough sea trips along the coast; toiling trips up rivers, and a swampy march across the peninsula of Florida. I have vague recollections of current army comments which left, however, a definite impression of the public sentiment of at least that part of the army then familiar to me: General Jackson was the greatest man in the world; General Worth was the best soldier ever born or made. The biggest giant of my story-books was not as big as that big General Scott I had never seen, and my impression of his small vanities has not been equaled yet. There were stories of General Taylor's careless dress and attitude, and of the sarcasm of General Twiggs, who advised his astonished orderly, in the presence of some boastful young lieutenants, not to be too gallant, because it was becoming too common and vulgar for a gentleman. And there was O'Brien, who wrote and sang "Benny Havens," and men who "went out" themselves, or went out with a friend, all unmindful of the edict of the Articles of War, but secure in the difficulty of obtaining evidence from those who must criminate themselves in telling what they knew.

And there were romances, too; and one in part I saw, and many years later, a thousand miles away, I heard the end:

I have stood by great rows of soldiers' graves, and have seen many a poor fellow laid away without even the parting farewell shot. But these familiar sights have not obliterated the memory of the first military funeral I ever saw, when I gazed in awe upon the soldiers



carrying the draped coffin on their shoulders, the reversed arms, the old army chaplain trembling through the burial service, the three volleys over the new grave, the quick march—"Carry the Dead Man Home to His Grave"—and the dispersion of the men on reaching barracks. I wondered what had become of the handsome, brave, but always melancholy man I heard was dead, and with no very clear idea I thought of the lovely young lady who, but a short time since, so often walked by his side. I knew she had gone away while he was there, but I did not know whither. Was it yesterday? No; it was further back I met a handsome matron, and mention of some of these same old things here written revealed to me the lovely young lady. And naturally this dead soldier's name was mentioned, and my dim memory falling into accord with her reality, "Who was that melancholy man?" I asked, "and why did you go away, and he grow more melancholy?" The answer was an untold romance. When the time for parting came he told her what she had herself learned of his feelings, but he said he could ask no woman to be his wife, because he could give no wife his father's name, which the law denied him. The name he could not claim was one of the most distinguished in American history, but it fell like a blight upon the desires of these two lives, and so they parted, and before long he carried his life, his love, and his shame to the grave.

My knowledge of the service of the period of which I write was obtained when I was a boy. But my recollections of the old times are quite distinct, and are easily warmed into vivid pictures of a past that can never be entirely repeated under the new conditions of our country.

Some thirty years ago I was unexpectedly summoned from a school in the North to start upon a long and interesting journey. I arrived at Old Point Comfort just in time. The "St. Louis" was anchored in Hampton Roads; the transfer steamers were at the wharf, and the regiment was formed on the parade ground of Fortress Monroe. The regimental band struck up "The Girl I Left behind Me;" there were hurried embraces of parting friends, and tears that told of a dangerous journey and long separation; the command stepped out with a forced cheerfulness; there was a general fluttering of female spectators all around the old fort; the Chief Justice of the United States, standing in a prominent position, waved his hand in fare-

well, and the troops were off to the Oregon war, which I believe still figures as an item in the public debt statement. It was a brave and gallant spectacle. There were white-haired veterans, a score or more of dashing young subalterns, and eight hundred picked men, all full of life and energy, proudly marching off to a war that might bring death, but was sure to bring no reward. As "The Girl I Left behind Me" faded from view the spirits of the soldiers rose, and soon they were singing their accustomed songs on the transfer boats, and nimbly climbing the sides of the great black steamer and stowing themselves away in every nook and corner. When the bustle of embarkation had subsided the companies were formed on deck, the band hailed "The Star Spangled Banner" as it was run up, the signal gun fired, and the "St. Louis" moved off to sea.

Unhappily a terrific storm came up to greet the brave and merry warriors. It grew worse and worse, and Cape Hatteras was at its best when the steamer passed that unruly point. A couple of officers and a dozen men were all that were left of about nine hundred. Gray-haired veterans, dashing subs, picked men, wives, mothers, children, nurses, camp women, and canary birds were piled in an undistinguishable heap of sea-sickness. After two or three days it was pitiable to see collapsed warriors meekly crawling about the deck in the vain hope of being revived by the fresh sea-breeze. For my part, I vowed that when my time came to enter the army list I would join a regiment under orders for a two years' march across the plains.

But such ills do not last. There came a sniff of the aroma of the West Indies. The Caribbean Sea opened before us. The broken billows smoothed down into long glassy waves that hardly lifted our steamer. The clouds floated away, and the moon came out round and full and poured a great flood of yellow light upon the sea. Flying fish dropped upon our forward deck, swooping sea-gulls flew over us, a long river of foam ran off in our wake, and on each side a beautiful phosphorescent light broke away from the great paddle-wheels. Then all our people gathered on the moonlit deck in the soft tropical air, and the regimental band played the old familiar tunes and that dreadful period of prostration and sickness was forgotten. But it was not all play—roll-calls, inspections, guard mounts, sentinels, and other incidents of military life kept up their continual routine, and the steamship took on the customs and appearance of a garrison.

The railroad trip across the Isthmus of Panama was notable only to those who had never before penetrated a tropical forest, but it suggested reminiscences illustrative of the vicissitudes of old army life. One officer recalled how, six years before, his former regiment had marched over the same route, and in unwilling camps, necessitated by the difficulties of the way, had lost near a third of its men by cholera. Another, remarking that almost half the journey to Oregon was over, recalled how, some years before, he had made the same destination in an eight-months' voyage round Cape Horn, and had been becalmed for something like a month south of the equator. And on this, another had something to relate of the wreck of the steamship "San Francisco," three years before, when that unseaworthy vessel started on the same long voyage crowded with troops. In the matter of sea transportation of its troops the government used to be rather recklessly economical. The steamship on which we sailed from Panama had been out of service for a long time and was not deemed good enough for passenger travel. It was literally packed from stem to stern and was most uncomfortable. The important task of scouring the water-tanks had been neglected, and the first toss of the sea converted the drinking-water into a very disagreeable fluid to eye, nostril, and taste.

Up the coast of Mexico, rolling across the Gulf of Tehuantepec, coaling at Acapulco, through the Golden Gate and out again, we went on to the north until the gigantic breakers on the bar of the Columbia caught us up and tossed us inside the mouth of the great river to calmly pursue our way, with dense forests on each bank and towering snow peaks always in sight, until the regiment disembarked at Fort Vancouver, and old friends met again and compared views on the route to Oregon across the plains and across the Isthmus, entirely agreed as to the trip "round the Horn." Thus the army people of the old time traveled and fared.

When we finally reached our destination the Oregon Indian war was at its worst. The regular troops had been defeated and a mounted regiment of volunteers, who went out to prove that drill and discipline were impediments to successful Indian fighting, lost all their horses in one night, walked home, and, leaving only the record of vouchers for horses lost in service, disappeared from history. The new troops were hurried off into a seven-months' campaign and the women and chil-

dren were left at Vancouver to lead a very disturbed life. There were army matrons, brides who were just learning army ways, young ladies just from school in "The States," and any number of children. One night they were all huddled into a stockade. Then the large house of the commanding officer was barricaded and they all slept there guarded by a detachment of soldiers. They certainly did not lead a happy life, and except for the vigilant scouting of a slender lieutenant, who is now the stout commander of the army, they would have been in greater danger.

I went with the troops, and can furnish from observation some examples of the old-time method of Indian wars. Mounted on a lively horse that had been ridden by a trumpeter, obeyed all the calls and insisted on being near the captain, I started off with the troop of cavalry forming the advance. Seated in a dragoon saddle, my head protected by a broad-brimmed hat, my lower limbs protected by leather leggins, below which protruded a rather extensive pair of Mexican spurs, with their jingling attachments, with a big navy revolver in my belt, and one of the absurd dragoon muskets of that day over my arm, I was not clearly distinguishable from the dragoons with whom I rode. Later in life, when I had counted more than fifteen summers, I started on other marches, but never with the buoyancy and freedom from care of that morning. It was a bright and beautiful day. Only here and there on the rocky hill-side were there patches of verdure, and no trees, save at long intervals a stunted oak, could be seen on any side. A cool breeze came sweeping up the valley of the Columbia from the glowing snow summit of Mt. Hood. Profound desolation and quiet seemed to reign every where over the broad expanses opening to our view. While we marched into this solitude that gave no sign of war beyond our own column, not far from us one of the most thrilling tragedies in the history of the frontier was being enacted.

We went into camp with the usual precautions against surprise. I was enjoying a sound sleep after the fatigue of the day, when I was suddenly awakened by the distant clattering of a horse's hoofs. A moment later the clear voice of a sentinel rang out the challenge, and the response came that it was a courier from Fort Dalles. The sword of the officer of the guard clanked down through the camp to the fly-tent of the commander, and I heard the officer present the messenger with the an-

nouncement that there was bad news from the rear. The story was a short one. The friendly Cascade Indians had revolted, and, assisted by a fresh arrival of Yakima Indians, had massacred the settlers, driven the detachment of troops at the lower landing into the stockade, and were holding the portage that was the gateway to all the region of the upper Columbia. Several of the older officers were called up, and a short consultation was held, and then they all separated and every thing became quiet. Only the courier seemed to have work before him. He quietly walked away toward the pickets, and soon the sound of his horse's hoofs was heard receding in the distance. When the morning came and the troops were formed, there were many looks of surprise when the column was started back over the march of the previous day. But the exciting news soon spread along the line, and the lengthened stride and the eager look told that our men were ready for the coming fray.

It is not my purpose to describe Indian battles, but merely to furnish illustrative incidents of the ways of old-fashioned army service. Our people attacked the Indians, and killed a number and captured the leading chief and one hundred and twenty warriors, the capture being the most important circumstance for my purpose.

An examination of the neighborhood revealed a horrid spectacle, shocking enough in its details to steel the heart against mercy to the captives. Some twenty houses were heaps of smoldering ruin, and in every direction were the bodies of men, women, and children, ruthlessly butchered and treated with every indignity that savage ingenuity could devise. Only three days before I had accompanied a dragoon in a ride across this portage, and we had rested in a house which became the scene of a desperate and successful resistance. Some thirty persons had gathered there, and though famishing from thirst, had held out until the arrival of the troops. From the neighboring bluff the Indians had tossed fire-brands on the roof, but the brave frontiersmen within cut through the roof and extinguished the fire, while others picked off any Indian who ventured to peer over the rocks. Nor were the women less determined, for they stood by and loaded the guns, and took their turn at the loop-holes watching the enemy. It was a glad moment for them when they saw the troops approaching, and ran up their white flag through the shattered roof.

Our troops had marched back to Fort Dalles, and floated down the Columbia to the Cascades, knowing of this uprising and massacre, knowing that these savages were between them and Fort Vancouver, and not knowing the condition or fate of their wives and children, who had been left at the last-named post. At Vancouver they knew that our expedition had started for the Upper Columbia, they heard of the revolt at the Cascades, and they did not know at what moment the Indians might move down on them. This was the kind of life led in the army in the Indian country.

But here is another phase of the old-time customs and methods of dealing with treacherous Indians. A military commission was assembled on the battle-field and lost no time in considering what disposition should be made of the captives. The leading chief was tried and sentenced to death. His one hundred and twenty captive followers were marched out, and one hundred and twenty slips of paper, with twelve of the slips bearing a fatal mark, were placed in a hat. In perfect silence they drew lots for life or death. The twelve unlucky savages were summarily tried and sentenced. As the sun sank down behind the Cascade Mountains the thirteen men stood before thirteen open graves. The chief went first and mounted a barrel, round which a rope was tied and passed into the hands of more than a hundred men—for the soldier, though he does not object to shooting in battle, does not like to feel the personal responsibility of the hangman. With the noose from the tree about his neck, the chief made his farewell address. He invoked the wrath of the Great Father on the heads of the white men, and wished he could kill and insult them all. He bade farewell to the sun, the trees, the birds—to all nature—and told his companions to die like warriors. Then, as the word was given, and two hundred strong arms jerked the support from under him, he gave a wild war-whoop that echoed through the mountains and across the noisy waters of the Cascades. He was a brutal miscreant, but his last speech was pathetic and almost heroic, and he died like the Indian brave of fiction. The next savage mounted the scaffold in fine style, but he broke down at the outset of his brave speech and piteously begged for life. He died like a coward, as did all the rest. While the executions were progressing, I saw a white woman standing just outside the square of troops holding aloft a child that he might better witness the tragedy. To remonstrance she replied that so she

had stood in water nearly to her neck holding up her boy while these same savages murdered his father, and she wished him to witness and remember the vengeance that had overtaken them. Her rude lesson to her boy was at least not out of harmony with the vigorous lesson given the Indians in the scene before her.

It was difficult to restrain the vengeance of the white settlers after these occurrences. A faithful Indian guide one morning found his wife, sister, and child strangled by the wayside. His grief and wrath were uncontrollable, but were mollified when the commission reconvened and, selecting one of the captives who was his particular enemy, tried and condemned him, and turned him over to the guide for execution. It was the most remarkable incident I ever witnessed. The condemned man might have faltered like his companions before an ordinary execution, but when he found himself consigned to the merciless hands of his personal enemy he exhibited the most approved stoical indifference. The guide, in the presence of his victim, went about his preparations in the most deliberate manner. He carefully selected a good piece of rope, made a slip-noose and tested it, and coiled the rope on his arm. He discriminately chose a good spade with which to dig the grave, and with conventional Indian courtesy declined to pinion his prisoner himself, but he superintended the operation done by one of the guards. Without a word and alone they walked off together into the deep woods and were lost to view. In less than half an hour the Indian guide returned alone, and without a word replaced the rope and spade, and then went off to the graves of his family to mourn in his own savage way, and tell the spirits of the departed that they were avenged.

Some reader may ask if this is legitimate warfare. Only he can answer who has become familiar with the treachery of the Indian. After this episode of the Cascades we went into the Yakima country. The Indians met us in friendly council one day, and I took a whiff at a most distasteful pipe of peace myself. That night they crawled down upon us, fired the prairie all about our camp, shot at us from every direction, and tried to stampede all our horses. In the council I saw the splendid looking and famous chief Qualshun, who was the war spirit of all our Northern Pacific territory. Later on he again unfurled his white flag, and having gained admission to the camp through the dull comprehension of a picket, endeavored

to kill the commander of the troops. Frustrated in this design, he endeavored to kill every one who approached him, until he was secured, and in half an hour was swinging from a tree. The Spokane tribe surrendered, and suddenly attacked their guards and attempted to run off their horses. Their chief men were hung and their eight hundred horses were shot. The combined tribes of Indians fought a battle on a field designated The Four Lakes, surrendered, and on being freed commenced the butchery of settlers, and then their houses and fields were laid waste, all their property destroyed and they reduced to beggary.

Is this legitimate warfare, and what good came of it all? The good is here. These events were near thirty years ago. The tribes which I mention were the most powerful on the Pacific coast. Since that time there have been innumerable Indian troubles over and over again with the same Indians. But in that section the powerful tribes of which I write have given no trouble. Dead Horse Camp has become familiar to travelers on the northern route, but to the Indians the great piles of bleaching bones still there are the warning record of past Indian treachery. The tourist lingers amid the beautiful scenery of the Cascades, now surrounded by all the evidences of civilization, but the Indian, turning from the railway station, hurries past the spot that recalls the story of the decimation of the captives of the Cascades. All along the Upper Columbia the name of the great warrior Qualshun is handed down in Indian tradition, but his name is coupled with the swift vengeance that punished his treachery. And so these harsh and relentless incidents I relate have given nearly thirty years of absolute peace to a section of our country that continues to offer inducement to Indian disturbance.

The old army, from its isolation and from its separation from the sympathies of the people and the undiscovered item of the "soldier vote," was driven to clanishness. The sons of officers for the most part went into the army, and daughters married army officers. I can count fifteen of my family in the army and navy, and there were other families with probably as large an army and navy connection. Occasionally in the old time some patriot in Congress, who had never been on the frontier, had never seen an Indian, and had no conception of what the army had to do, would rise up and declaim on army families, and the establishment of an army class. But in truth

the country had nothing to fear from the old army, because it was an accepted doctrine of the army that soldiers had nothing to do with any thing but military matters. The proof came with the war. The conditions were highly favorable to both Lee and Grant making themselves dictators, but the teaching of the old army was that it was best for the army man to steer clear of civil affairs. The effect of their early training has manifested itself in the inaptitude for civil affairs exhibited by those who have ventured out of the military sphere.

It is possible that certain moral requirements of the "public sentiment" of the old army were somewhat conventional, but after many years' observation of various phases of public sentiment I am disposed to believe that the system of moral ethics maintained in the army was the best calculated to give character to men. The army code was that a man must be honest and brave, and the code was enforced by social ostracism. The old army idea of honesty, was that a man must not steal, and no distinction was made between a straight steal and a breach of trust. A man who promised to do a thing, and did it not because he was not liable at law unless the promise was in writing, or because some technical omission let him out, would be classed under the old army code as a liar. I think no one was tolerated who lied unless the

lie was for the protection of a woman, and if a man did not lie then he was accounted a coward. No man could have remained in any regiment twenty-four hours who cheated at cards. Of course it was all up with a man who exhibited any want of courage. I do not mean that a man who did any stealing in any manner or form, or who lied, or who was not brave, or who cheated at cards was simply severely disapproved, I mean he was socially cut, was rated an outcast from the society of gentlemen, and was crowded out of the army if he could be forced out. I can appreciate the difficulty in general society of managing this sort of thing, and I am, of course, aware that the sentiment against these things is as strong in civil as in military life, and all my association tells me that the honorable men are as many in civil as in army life. I am writing merely of the methods of a system, and I can not help feeling that the social outcasting of the liar, the cheat, and the coward would make more truthful, honest, and brave men.

This sketch presents the impression that remains to me of a life in which my boyhood was passed. It does not seem to me that the army in its present circumstances can be the old army which I remember, nor the present military service the old-time service of which I write.

*J. M. Wright.*

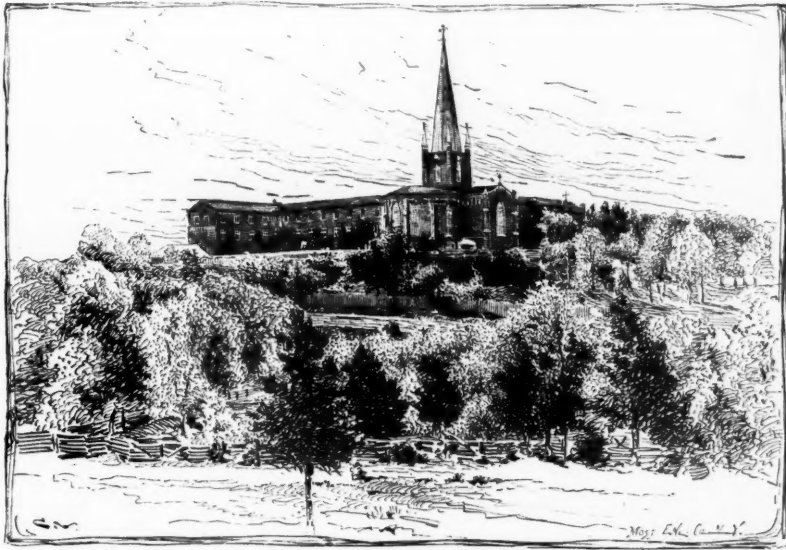
### GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN.

I stand upon the spot where his life's flame  
Was quenched in death's still darkness evermore.  
In blue infinity the heavens arch o'er  
The scene all peaceful now; and still the same  
Serene, sad Smoky Mountain that did claim  
His dying gaze, doth grandly heavenward soar  
To the high confines of th' Elysian shore,  
Whence spirits pure view life's weird melodrame!  
In life his flashing steel like lightning fell  
On whom he fought for his beloved cause,  
And at his name blanched many a stalwart foe.  
Calm history's page and poet's song shall tell,  
In after ages, to the world's applause,  
The Southland chieftain's fame in verse of epic flow!

*W. G. McAdoo.*



## THE TRAPPIST ABBEY OF GETHSEMANE.



GETHSEMAINE ABBEY, NORTH VIEW.

*"'Tis death! and peace, indeed, is here,  
And ease from shame, and rest from fear.  
There's nothing can dismarble now  
The smoothness of that limpid brow.  
But is a calm like this, in truth,*

*The crowning end of life and youth,  
And when this boon rewards the dead,  
Are all debts paid, has all been said?*

*\* \* \* \* \**  
*Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well."*

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

RECENTLY I found myself within the walls of the Trappist Abbey of Gethsemane, in Nelson County, Ky., a few short hours by rail from Louisville. Transported at once from the busy American world of the nineteenth century, I stood in what might well have been taken for a Belgian monastery of two hundred years ago. Here they did not know that the Republican party had surrendered power. Some Frenchmen in those walls did not know that there was no longer an Emperor in France. They knew only that there was a religion to which they had devoted themselves; that they called it the religion of Christ; that there had been holy men called martyrs; that this religion bid them emulate the men who had died in its cause, and that they themselves had come here to die in the flesh, as nearly as they might, before the soul finally took its flight. To hide from the world and devote themselves to a spiritual life is the end

of their existence. To dehumanize themselves is the means selected for accomplishing their ideal.

The monastic life grew in favor until the close of the third century, after which worldly pleasures, with the invasions of Huns and Vandals, relaxed discipline, and other causes weakened the institution, until St. Benedict, in the fifth century, fled from the licentiousness of Rome and preached in the wilderness. Then he founded twelve monasteries, converted the people of the wicked Monte Casino from their idolatry to faith, and induced them to throw down the image of their sensuous Apollo. Here was the cradle of the Benedictine order, of which the Trappists consider themselves a part, the rule of St. Benedict being still their law.

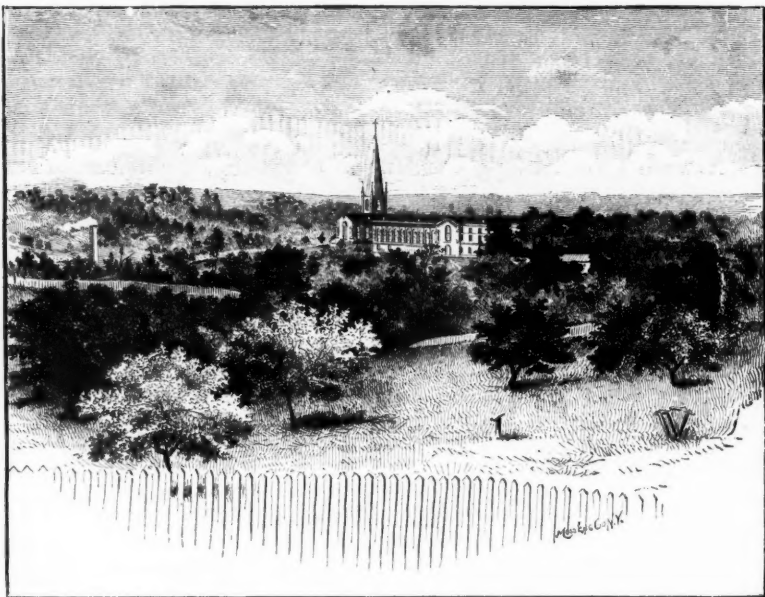
The monastic life was not maintained in its purity, and toward the close of the eleventh century a great reform was made. The Benedictines had grown rich and corrupt. They

were practically a part of the feudal system. Robert, Abbot of Molesme, undertook to restore the original rule of St. Benedict, and his monks promptly drove him from the walls of the monastery. A few followed him to his retreat in the forest of Langres, Burgundy, which was a wild, marshy country. At a spot called Cîteaux, from the great number of springs which bubbled forth there, was founded the first monastery of the Cistercians, who strictly observed the Benedictine rule.

The first three Cistercian abbots are canon-

In a valley in the North of France, called La Trappe, Bernard of Clairvaux, who was then preaching Europe into its second crusade, founded a monastery called *Monasterium Beatae Mariæ de Domo Dei*. Here, then, was the origin of the house. That of the order came later.

It seems always to have been a difficult thing to keep the monks in a proper state of holiness. They would get wicked in spite of St. John and St. Paul, St. Stephen and St. Benedict, St. Robert and all the other saints in the long calendar.



GETHSEMANE ABBEY, SOUTH VIEW.

ized saints. They are St. Robert, St. Alberick, and St. Stephen. We will find their names figuring in the Abbey at Gethsemane. St. Alberick was distinguished for his devotion to the Virgin, and the old books very quaintly tell of his somewhat human, though entirely ideal, worship. He won her favor, at least, for she appeared to him and presented the white cowl now worn by the Trappists, who had hitherto dressed in black. Says one writer, "This fact, reported by grave authors, and which judicious critics have not dared to call in question, has now-a-days received historic sanction." So the Virgin became, as another of the books says, the "special protectress and tender mother" of the Cistercian order.

Now, the wickedest of wicked monks were those who lived at La Trappe about the middle of the seventeenth century. The Norman peasantry graphically described them when they called them "the banditti of La Trappe." In those good days the devil did not have to become ill before he wished to be a monk. In fact, the poor people who were constantly murdered and plundered by the Trappists conceived an idea that a monk was himself the devil. The system of petty wars had gradually built up an abuse, one of the most outrageous in the church of France. This was the "commendams." If an ecclesiastical property was threatened, it was "recommended" to some nobleman for protection. The commendatory drew the revenues.

Thus a commendatory abbot need not be a priest, though he was considered "in orders," having been elected the titular. If a commendatory abbot wished to marry he had to surrender his *commande*. Consequently he remained single, there being no restriction on the crimes he pleased to commit involving ladies who were married to less fortunate men. The Abbé Jean Armand Bouthillier de Rancé was endowed with his Abbey of La Trappe at the baptismal font by his sponsor, the Cardinal Duc de Richelieu. His other sponsor was the Marquise d'Effiat. The abbey was, of course, held in command. De Rancé was a wonderful lad. He was the heir to a great house, and his wit and learning soon made him one of the marvels of Paris. At twelve years of age he published an edition of Anacreon. Richelieu gave him church preferments, and Marie de Medicis heaped titles upon him. He was a priest, but he preached little and made love always. When he did preach, he was listened to by willing ears; and so he was when he did the other thing. He drank hard; he swore brilliantly; ran his dress sword through a lackey, or met any gentleman with a rapier. He was the center of fashion, and he cared not a pinch of snuff for the monks at La Trappe.

This brilliant *roué* was born in 1625. In 1651 he received his full ordination. They wanted to make him a bishop, but he declined an honor that would take him from Paris, where he had an affair with the Duchess de Montbazou. This lasted ten years, and then the Duchess died of measles. There are many stories of de Rancé's conversion. One is that he suddenly beheld his dead mistress, and was crazed at sight of her. He bewailed her and his lost delights. He neglected his dress, roamed up and down the woods and fields, and, it is said, tried to raise the Duchess from the dead. He had always had a belief in astrology and was superstitious. In exploring occult books for the purpose of restoring his love to life, he fell in with the Bible. He read that and it converted him. He went into the solitude of La Trappe.

All of this is more or less legendary, but what is certain is that the brilliant young Abbé reformed La Trappe. He found seven monks there, and they absolutely declined his reformatory offices, and made several attempts on his life. He got rid of them by pensioning them with four hundred livres each, and instituted the discipline of that monastery which has given the patronymic to the strictest order of monks in the world. He died a simple

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brother in the year 1700. He was seventy-four years of age, having spent half of them in the wickedest kind of life, and the other half in the cloister. He wrote many controversial works, and was an eminent thinker as well as a religious fanatic. He was a rival of the great Bossuet, and, as all the members of his order have since, he died on a bed of ashes.

During the French Revolution the Abbey of La Trappe was confiscated, and its inmates were scattered. Dom. Augustin, known in the world as Louis Henry de Lestrange, accompanied by some others, came to America and undertook to found a monastery in Kentucky, but gave up this plan, returned to France, and succeeded in regaining the abbey to the order.

The foundation of the Abbey of La Trappe of Gethsemane, of the diocese of Louisville, was by a colony from the Abbey of Melleray, of the diocese of Nantes, France. The good Father Abbot of the latter had arranged with Louis Phillippe to found a colony on the island of Martinique, but the king was overthrown and the design abandoned. Melleray was crowded, and there were no Trappists in America; consequently two Fathers were sent here to look for a site for a monastery. The Papal Nuncio at Paris gave them letters to Mgr. Flaget, Bishop of Louisville. At Havre de Grace they met a colony sent out by the Abbé Moreau, founder of the Society of the Holy Cross at Mans, who came to aid the colony the founder had recently established in Indiana. The two Trappists reached Louisville on July 22, 1848. The bishop offered as a location for the monastery a farm that had formerly been occupied by the Trappist refugees during the French Revolution. But this farm was not suitable, and Gethsemane received attention. Here were some buildings—rude log structures that still remain—which belonged to the Sisters of Loretto, who conducted there a boarding-school. The ground was purchased, and on October 24, 1848, the colony set out for Melleray. There were forty-eight in the party, thirty-four being religious, the others lay brothers, five of whom left the colony as soon as it arrived at its destination.

There was a great religious procession through the little town of Melleray. The colonists walked in two ranks, Dom. Maximus, the Abbot of Melleray, and the Rev. Father Eutropius, the Superior of the new foundation, bringing up the rear. They sang their famous *Salve Regina* as they marched. On November 2d they sailed. Forty-two days later the Trap-



GROUP OF MONKS.

pists arrived in Louisville, and were received by Bishop Flaget and his coadjutor, Mgr. Spalding. Here the weary men rested for a day; then they walked to Gethsemane, a distance of fifty-six miles. At Bardstown the Jesuits, who then had an institution there, met them and walked with them for some distance.

The religious entered their new home at 6 o'clock in the evening, all of which the present writer finds most faithfully set down in the monkish library. Their home was not inviting. It was a number of log huts in more or less decay. The huts and the decay remain to vouch for the particulars. There was one house of rough stone. Here Father Eutropius established his colony, and then became ill. His life was despaired of, and he would certainly have died, says the chronicler of those events, had not the good Bishop of Louisville ordered a *norena* of masses, which saved his life to further usefulness. The colony was too small to be effective for the work in hand, and Eu-

tropius went back to France in the summer of 1849. He got thirteen more colonists from Melleray, and then went about having the institution at Gethsemane erected to the dignity of an abbey. He returned a mitred abbot after an absence of eighteen months. He made another journey to France, and procured six more converts. Again, in 1860, he went back to Europe, resigning his position in the abbey, and being succeeded by Father Benedict. He died in Rome, and is buried there.

Let us now see the abbey as it is to-day.

Down in Nelson County, famous as the home of that Belle of Nelson who smiles on all with a truly Faustian smile, between the towns of New Hope and New Haven, at each of which the only fulfillment of the promise of their names is in the large distilleries, is situated the railroad station bearing the not over cheerful appellation of Gethsemane. Here the traveler finds a railroad station and country store combined, whereabouts lounge some long-legged,

thin-visaged men, clad in brown jeans and a cotton shirt. A few boys, given over mostly to mouths and suspenders, show the men in an early stage of development. There are near by a freight car and two small distilleries, while a few cottages stand aloof from the station and are ornamented in front by pigs. It is not inviting, this gate to the garden of Gethsemane. As you came down on the train you observed, a mile back, a tall, graceful spire mounted with a cross. The cross and tip of the spire were just visible over a range of hills that concealed from view the fundamental reason for their existence; but you have come to see the Trappist monks, and already you feel that that lonely spire, pointing heavenward from out the basin shut in by the hills, is the guide-post to the only road by which those imprisoned men may hope to find release.

At the station you find a small boy and a wagon. They are going to the abbey, and you take your seat beside the juvenile Jehu, while a meek-faced, unintelligent looking young priest, who has refused your offer of the place by the driver, disposes of himself as comfortably as may be among some boxes and bundles in the rear of the springless vehicle. The boy gathers the lines over the broad back of the horse, who ambles off at a pace suggesting that he belongs to a breed of horses especially adapted to the use of monasteries. You drive over a "dirt road," through a country that is undulating, but not otherwise beautiful; for the soil is yellow clay, the grass is thin, and the trees are few and weather-beaten. A last year's cornfield or two shows that that crop made no one rich. You try to talk to the young priest, who seems oppressed. You find that he is from a Western city, and is coming here to "make his retreat," and you record a mental note that he has probably offended some law of the church and has been sent here to do penance. Then you let him alone and devote yourself to the more companionable youth by your side, who speaks a queer jargon of English, French, and Flemish.

Presently a sharp turn in the road, the brow of a hill is passed, and you behold the Abbey of Gethsemane. There is something stately in the massive buildings, from the center of which seems to rise the spire. On the side nearest to you are discernable the gothic outlines of a church. The rest is only a mass of buildings. The road is smooth and straight now and an extra shake of the lines brings the old horse to a nimbler trot, and you are before an iron gate

from which leads a broad, straight road, some three hundred yards long, and flanked on each side by a double row of stately English elms. While the lad is opening the gate you see in a field to your right some half dozen figures clad in long brown gowns. They are the lay brothers at work, and, to facilitate their efforts, their cloaks are tucked up to their knees. They are scattering manure and are working tediously. You can not see their faces, for the brown cloaks have peaked hoods that are drawn over their heads. The slow-swinging gates are opened, and you enter the grounds of the abbey.

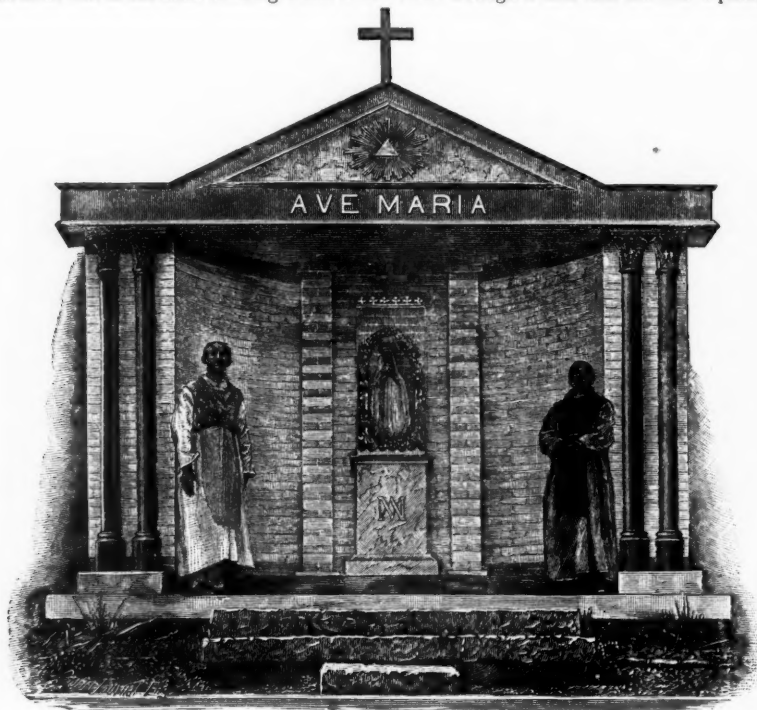
At the far end of the avenue of elms is a long, low brick house, with nothing remarkable in its appearance except its length and its plainness. It looks like a wall, or barrier: and, in fact, such it is, for it marks the inclosure of the more private grounds of the monks. Behind it is the monastery; this is merely the outer fortress. In it are offices for the transaction of business, a reception room, a woman's eating apartment—for no woman is allowed beyond this building—a room where are kept for sale religious books, strings of beads, relics, photographs of the abbey, etc. But I have anticipated, for this is also the porter's lodge, and we have not yet faced that functionary. In the center of the wall there is an arched gateway with solid wooden gates filling the space. A small door opens in one of the large ones, and outside this door a rude wooden cross hangs to a wire. Pull this and a hoarse bell calls attention to the fact that a stranger is without. A lugubrious man, old and much bent, not a monk, but a very tired-looking man, answers the summons and inquires your business. He does this politely, and does not hesitate to admit you to the abbey when you have told him that you have come to ask its hospitality. The man bows low as he directs you to the house, which is just beyond a small garden wherein is much shrubbery.

This garden is suggestive of the place; it is "walled round with rocks as an inland island." I do not know whether there was something in the inanimate nature that, taking shape from the minds of those who directed its growth, showed a slight and chill, or whether it was only the season of the year, aided by my own imagination. But the garden impressed me sadly, and spoke only of desolation. Even the warren of tame rabbits off at one side gave little life to the spot, and the poor pink-eyed things seemed, like the monks, to have come into the



world only to await death as the ultimate aim of their existence. In the center of the garden is a painted wooden image of the Virgin, with her heel on the head of a serpent. In a trellis that surrounds the image are carved in large letters: "DULCIS VIRGO MARIA SALVE." There are well-kept walks in the little spot, but the shrubbery is wild. Some cedars, a line of them by each side-wall, and some elms and a few other trees ornament the place. Behind all this rises the front wall of the main building which is of

who admitted me was not handsome, his smile was the kindest thing I saw in the abbey. It was a complete expression of the Trappist law of hospitality, and it took some of the chill off of the cheerless hall and the dreary reception room, where was no carpet, and where hung only a few maps and a lugubrious saint or two on the walls for ornament. I asked for the abbot, and was told that he would see me soon. Presently I was conducted from the room through a door that led into a passage-



brick, three stories high, unpainted, and without ornament, except that under the cornice, midway of the front, is a niche in which stands an image of St. Joseph, the patron of Gethsemane. Around the niche are the words, "S. JOSEPH PATRONE NOSTER DILECTISSIME ORA PRO NOBIS."

The plainest of stone steps lead to the plain door, and in answer to the ring at the bell there appears the plainest of young men clad in the brown gown of the lay brothers. It is his duty to attend the guests and see to their wants, though he is not the guest master, who is a person of higher dignity. If the good brother

way, a door that is kept locked and that separates the quarters of the community from the guests. At the end of a narrow passage I found myself in a little room, rather barren of furniture and with the general air of an office. Here the Father Abbot was seated at his desk. His reception was cordial, though I was shortly dismissed. In the prior's office next door I found more desks, the books and accounts of the establishment, and a remarkably good painting, evidently old and very fine, both in drawing and color. I could learn nothing of its history, but the religious subject was treated with much strength.

I had been assigned to a room on the second floor in the front of the house, the second and third floors there being given up to boarders and visitors. My room contained an empty book-case, an iron bedstead, a basin and pitcher of water—scant—two hard chairs, a little mirror, no carpet, and a religious book. Some cheap prints of religious subjects hung on the walls. A crucifix and a receptacle for holy water completed the furnishing. It was cold. Over the door to each room was painted the name of a saint. The guests are not numbered as in hotels; they are sainted. In the long hall into which the rooms opened were pictures of monks and religious men of all times. Some of them were good engravings of celebrated paintings. In the hall was posted a notice telling of the fixed rate of charge for board, and announcing that the abbey was not a place of resort for pleasure and not a hotel. I am prepared to assert that the notice was correct in each particular. There were historical documents in frames about the walls, and they were carefully hung so high that one could not have read them even if they had not been written in church Latin, of which the reader has already had one or two specimens.

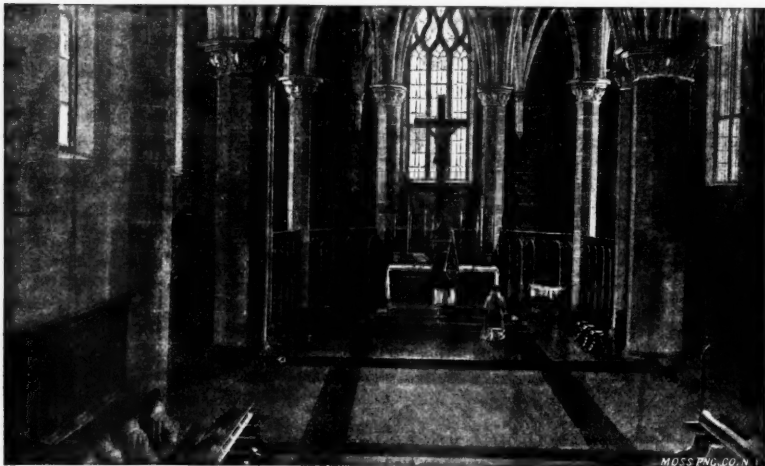
Having put me in St. Alberick, my guide, the good brown-brother, left me, saying that Father Joseph would come soon to see me.

The abbey lies on rising ground in the center of an undulating valley, surrounded at some distance by a range of high hills. The house faces the south. The ground plan is square, the church only making a deviation in the lines. At the side there is a stone wall, which is on the brow of a hill, at the bottom of which is a ravine. Here is situated the saw-mill. There are two churches, one for the community and one for the neighbors, called the secular church. The latter fronts the south, and really forms the western section of the quadrangle. There is nothing remarkable about it. The community church is more distinctly shown in the first illustration. The projecting wing and the circular chancel are seen here, the latter being built out toward the north. The northern side of the square contains, on the ground floor, the chapter or community room. The upper floor contains the dormitory. On the east, on the lower floor, are the refectory, kitchen, and work rooms. Above is the old dormitory, now used as a storage room. The lower floor of the front is given up to offices, reception rooms, guests' refectory, and a closet or two. On the upper floors are sleeping apart-

ments for guests. These rooms all have windows looking to the south. The building incloses a quadrangular court, around the sides of which runs the cloister, a low-roofed structure, which is the walk for the monks as they go about from place to place, or take their meditation. They meet here and bow reverently to each other, or to a stranger; but no word escapes them. In this bow there is great courtesy, and even more, for it is a solemn reverential salutation. It is at once dignified and humble. Inclosed by the cloister is the court, laid out as a garden and planted with peach, pear, and plum trees, besides some flowers and vines. There is a well in the center. The old abbot told me that they raised fine fruit in "the monks' garden," and eat it freely. I am glad if they do, poor fellows; but I think a good ripe peach eaten with gusto would endanger the soul of the monk who partook of it. I have a suspicion that the abbot tried to impress me with the idea that life in a Trappist monastery was rather enjoyable than otherwise.

Except in the two churches there has been no attempt at ornamenting the building, either within or without. Such pictures as are there, like the books, are on the utilitarian and not the esthetic idea. They all tell their moral story. The church is another matter. That is built in the usual Gothic style of Roman Catholic architecture, and its proportions are most graceful. The cornice of the structure is a very pretty feature and finishes the building with a little touch of the Spanish. The interior is certainly imposing. The roof is lofty, and there are tall fluted columns that support it over the chancel. The altar is made of plaster of paris, and on its face is a copy in relief of Da Vinci's Last Supper. On the altar are wooden figures representing the Crucifixion, with the two Marys kneeling at the foot of the cross. These figures were carved by Father Timothy, who also inlaid the floor of the chancel with various religious emblems in wood. He was a skilled carver, and his mosaic work is unusually good. He carved the abbot's crozier, the crook of which contains the figures of a number of saints with some decorative work. This is done in mosaic and is very perfect. Father Timothy also turned the wooden candle-sticks and the altar vessels. The good man is dead now.

In front of the altar burns a swinging censer that gives out a small blue flame. Very little light falls into the church at any time,



COMMUNITY CHURCH.

and a number of the offices are performed by the light of that single lamp, which is only a point in the darkness. Behind the main altar are seven shrines arranged in niches in a semi-circle. In each shrine is an altar. On the extreme right of the semi-circle is the chapel of the Blessed Virgin Mary; on the left is that of St. Joseph, and in the center is the chapel of St. Benedict. The other shrines are dedicated to St. Robert, St. Stephen, St. Alberick, and St. Bernard. At these chapels certain devotional exercises are held by the priests.

Outside of the nave and in the small body of the church are stalls where the "choir monks," that is, those who have taken all the vows and are Fathers, stand and chant the offices. On the desks are large vellum-bound volumes containing the Psalms and Offices in illuminated text. The brothers, who are not in the choir and do not attend all the offices, whose lives are not altogether devotional and who are not of the "religious," properly speaking, stand in a slightly elevated space back of the stalls. Over this space is a small gallery for strangers and the non-religious in the house, who attend regularly some of the offices. This gallery is entered from the public church up a narrow, dark, and winding stairway. Those who occupy it are expected to kneel during the entire service.

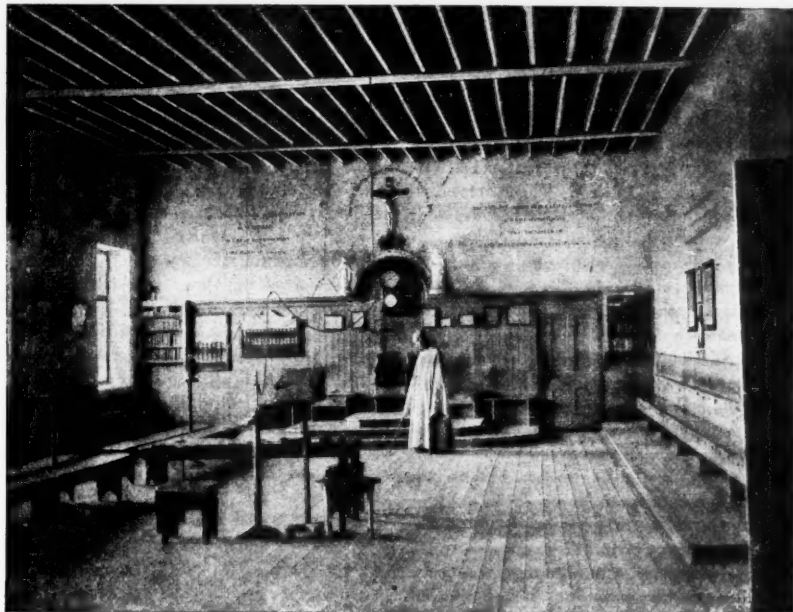
Let us look now at the daily routine of the life in this place. The monks rise at 2 o'clock A. M. The sound of a bell, seemingly distant,

like the sound of church bells on the still country air, announces the hour for Matins. There was a knock at my door, and I followed at once down the long passage and into the dark chapel. The noise made by the heavily-shod feet of my guide told me the way. But for this noise I should have thought I was following the ghost of some old monk. Up the dark staircase I went, and into the gallery. I was its only occupant, and knelt at the rail overlooking the church. Just then a noiseless procession entered, all in white. Their forms were scarcely discernible. The bent figure of the abbot could be seen in the little circle of half light thrown out by the censer. "*Deus in meum adjutorium intende*," he said, or cried, and then from the ghostly forms came the response, deep-voiced and heavy with feeling, "*Deus ad adjuvandum me festina*." Then they sang of the glory of God, His might, His wrath, His long-suffering, and His forgiveness.

It was cold and damp and chill; yet this was the highest enjoyment of the men who stood beneath me. This was their sacred hour of the day. There was a feeling of mystery about it all. The voices sounded empty and far away, and rose up from out the blackness like voices from the tomb. Surely, I felt, here is the very invocation to the spirit of religion. This stillness must be the home of the Holy Ghost. A sense of awe came over me there in the night, and there was something uncanny about it. Those silent men, speechless except when addressing God, raised their weakened voices in

almost a cry. It seemed as though the voices carried out into the stillness of the church the longing of spirits to break away from bodies that were prison-houses where was only misery. There was no note of praise or joy. Neither was there of sorrow. They were the cries of dead men, and they were awful. To me the whole scene is only an impression. I have tried in vain to recall words and tones, and I have only the vivid feeling left. The hour, the darkness, the unaccustomed spot, the solemnity

a platform reached by three low steps. On the platform are three wooden seats. The abbot sits in the center; the prior and sub-prior sit on his right and left. The monks sit on benches arranged on each side of the room parallel to the walls. They seat themselves according to seniority in the order, those who have been longest in the service occupying the places nearest the abbot. The invitor reads from the lives of the martyrs, and the abbot reads a selection from the rules of St. Benedict, after



CHAPTER-ROOM.

of all incident and detail in the monastery, aided in producing this impression.

After the office of Matins immediately followed that of Laudes, during which I was summoned away by my guide. After Laudes, the priests say their masses, while the choir monks remain in the church to study and meditate. At 5:30 the office of Prime is celebrated. This is attended by the entire community, and not by the holy men alone. After Prime the community goes into the chapter or, properly, community room. This room is an important feature in the Trappist's life, for here his secret thoughts are made open. At the end of the room where you enter are a number of confessionals. At the other end is

which he extemporizes a lesson. The monks confess their faults and their penance is assigned. When they confess they throw themselves prone upon the floor, and Father Joseph, who told me all this, said there were often as many as ten monks at once prostrate. I asked the Father what sins could require such humility. He said an ordinary fault was that a monk had forgotten to close a door, or had not closed it gently. He might have forgotten to wear his cowl, when the rules prescribed that it should be worn. Occasionally there were more grievous sins, such as having spoken.

The walls of the community room are adorned with mottoes in Latin, texts of Scripture in Latin, pictures of the martyrs, etc. On

a little board are posted the orders for the priests and brothers. This indicates who has been appointed to say special masses, who shall serve as acolytes, who shall cook, who shall wait at table, who shall milk the cows, wash the dishes, and perform such other duties as are required. The community room is used also as a place of meditation, both morning and evening. After the meditations are finished there is an interval of leisure, but at 7 o'clock the office of Tierce is said, and there is community mass for the choir monks, the brothers having gone to work. From 9 o'clock until 11:30 the monks work in the field or elsewhere. At 11:30 there is the office of Sexte, and at 12 m. the angelus sounds. This is a signal for a prayer. Work is suspended, and the monks raise their faces in silent devotion. Then work is resumed until 2 o'clock, when the bell announces the office of None. Then comes dinner. From 4:15 till 5 o'clock Vespers are said. At 6 the community go to the chapter-room to read and pray for twenty minutes, and then go to Compline. On Sunday there is high mass at 9 o'clock in the morning.

It is at Compline that the monks sing the celebrated chant of the order, the *Salve Regina*. All the inmates of the house attended Compline, and consequently I heard this famous song. It is entirely in unison, and is begun by a single voice, the other voices taking up the strain and rising higher and higher. There is a grand rhythm in the music, and it is a noble address to the Queen of Heaven; but little art was exercised in the singing of it. It is a relic of the early form of religious music, and, like the whole monastic institution, belongs to the dead ages.

The routine of one monastery is a repetition of the life at every other house belonging to the order. Probably the most trying part of it is the perpetual silence. The monks may speak to the abbot when absolute necessity requires it. The abbot, the prior, the guest master, and the man who serves the guests are, of course, at liberty to speak. Otherwise perpetual silence is laid upon the order. In certain parts of the house even those officers do not speak except in devotional exercise. When Father Joseph, the guest-master, was describing to me the business of the chapter-room he stood outside the door, not being permitted to speak in the room, though we were alone there. The same thing is true of the church and of the dormitory. I noticed that when Father Joseph took me into those places he always put

up his cowl. He would not speak even in the old and abandoned dormitory, where are now only some piles of grain and two unused beds.

The dormitory is an additional hardship. The beds consist of slats covered by thin, hard mattresses, over which are coarse covers. The beds are really bunks. They are placed in a long double line down the room, and each one is inclosed in a little box-like closet, the partitions of which do not reach the floor. In each room there are a crucifix and a scourge. I saw no other article of furniture. A curtain hangs before each doorway. The scourge, or discipline, as it is called, consists of five stout cords, each knotted in five places, fixed to a wooden handle. Every Friday morning, after the offices of the night, the community repairs to the dormitory. Every monk enters his cell, and, at a signal given by the abbot, by stamping on the floor, every monk, including the abbot himself, whips his bare shoulders with the discipline. The abbot also gives the signal to stop the punishment. The abbot is subject, in general terms, to the same rules as those by which the others live. His bed is the first, he sits at the head of the table; but in all respects he lives like the meanest of the order, except that he may talk.

I have spoken several times of dinner. It is, for half the year, the only meal of the twenty-four hours, and it is not fattening. The community eats in a large room, in which are two tables. The tables are bare of cloth and the service is of the plainest. Wooden goblets hold the cider, beer, or wine that is allowed to be served. At Gethsemane cider is the drink, and very good cider too. The monks may not eat meat, fish, eggs, or butter. They are permitted to have two cooked portions, including soup. They can not drink milk during the advent or lenten seasons. They never eat pastry or cakes. The day I entered the dining-room the dinner consisted of a bowl of weak broth, plenty of coarse brown bread, and potatoes. I believe it is a creditable thing in a monk not to eat all his dinner. On Sundays there is supper, and from Easter till September 14th supper is served every day. It is even less substantial than the dinner. Notwithstanding this severity, the monks live to an old age. The abbot is an old man, but is not thinking of dying, he told me. He said, "We do not die till we have to," implying in his tone and words that he found life quite enjoyable.

The penances are numerous. For a serious fault the offender takes the discipline in the chapter-room, or confines himself in a room



and leaves it only for mass and the offices, sitting low down among the novices. Humility is a cardinal doctrine. If he has been very wicked, the sinner may be directed to kneel at the door of the church, and he eats only when special permission is given. Then his food is not blessed. He comes to the chapter-room when the term of penance has expired and there prostrates himself before his superiors. Other forms of punishment are, eating on the floor, begging food from the members of the community, kissing the feet of the abbot and the others, or washing their feet.

At Gethsemane the work of the monks consists chiefly in cultivating the ground and attending to the business of cheese-making. The farm contains sixteen hundred acres of poor land, not over one third of which is under cultivation. The remainder consists of large hills and small mountains. Within sight is a building formerly occupied by the Sisters of the Order of St. Francis. It is not used now, and the house and farm belong to the abbey.

The dress of the monks is a coarse flannel shirt, a white gown of coarse wool, a strip of black, called a scapular, to which is attached a hood, coarse drawers and socks, and heavy shoes. In church the dress is covered with a white cloak, called a *coule* or *chappe*. The latter is the dress of the novices. A leather belt fastens the gown, but the abbot wears a purple cord around his waist. Beads are carried in the pocket, not hung to the girdle. The brothers wear gowns cut like the others, but brown in color.

Father Benedict, the Abbot, is a man whom one would notice in any assemblage of men, notwithstanding the fact that he is small. He has a strong face, and his features are large and well made. His nose is beak-like, and his eyes, when he opens them—for he keeps them closed a great deal—are blue, but with a steel tint and a very keen expression. I think that he knows he looks like the first Napoleon, for I observed that in walking about the grounds he put his hands behind his back and made his figure look like the familiar picture of Napoleon as the Little Corporal. He knows the world, does the reverend abbot, though he does not care to have you see he does. He has traveled much, and used his eyes well. He is something of a martinet, I suspect; for the Fathers seemed to stand in awe of him, and a glance of his eye two or three times seemed to give those on whom it fell some trouble. The abbot does not hesitate to laugh at a good

joke, and affects no superior air of piety. His religion is a very genuine, unaffected thing, and he defined it to me in matter-of-fact terms. He was born in Montoir de Bretagne in 1820, and studied theology at Nantes. He was a novice of two months when he accompanied Eutropius to America, and attended to the business of the house before he became a monk. He was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Spalding, in 1851, in the Cathedral in Louisville. At New Haven, in 1861, he was consecrated a bishop and made abbot. His family name was Berger.

Father Edward, the Prior, is also a Frenchman, and is the exact opposite of his superior. He is gentle, nervous, timid, ill at ease in company, but anxious to be polite and kind. He is, I think, the most gentle man I ever saw, and his face is a very sermon. He is almost translated.

The man I learned to know best is the Guest Master, Father Joseph. In the world he was Mr. Colliere. He was once a famous musician. I had often heard of him before I saw him at Gethsemane, but his old friends supposed he was dead. I asked the abbot if Mr. Colliere was dead, and was surprised to learn that he was the old man I had met. Then I told him of those he had left. He wept when he recalled the men and women who had once been dear to him, and at each mention of some one who had died he sighed. I thought it was because he was not with them. This man, in 1848, wrote and sang a song for which he was exiled from France. He was a Revolutionist. He came to America, and was an opera singer here. Then he used his grand bass voice in oratorio, and was a great *Elijah*, his long white beard and tall figure helping him in the character. He taught music in Washington, Cincinnati, and Louisville. His only daughter, indeed, his only relative in America, became a Sister of Charity. Finally she died, and for relief from the world Mr. Colliere went to Gethsemane. He expected only to make a visit there and console himself with devotional exercises, but he lingered and at last became a monk. He had been at the place before, and as he left its gates Father Benedict had said to him, "Not good-bye; you will return to us some day."

This man must have always been an enthusiast. He was my only companion during my stay at the abbey, and he talked constantly of the life. It was all rhapsody with him. He took me from the chapter-room out around the

church, where there are forty-six graves. At the head of each stands a black cross, telling only the religious name of the man who lies there, with the date of his death. There is an open grave, not finished yet. Standing by it, Father Joseph said: "I hope I will be the one to fill it—the next to go." Then he told me how beautiful was his life of praise of God and the saints. It was so peaceful; the world was so full of unrest. Here was no sorrow. It was the exaltation of the spirit beyond the flesh and into the very home of God. The grave was the end of life. The religious anticipated the death of the body, and put his soul into the joys of Paradise before it had left this earth. Death could only complete the union with God. "How beautiful! how beautiful!" he repeated again and again. He wept as he spoke of the world and its sorrows, and there was deep reverence in his manner of speaking of every subject connected with the Trappist life. What would have been superstition in another, was with him pure symbolism. He spoke of the Virgin as a man might speak or, rather, think of his mother. He spoke of the songs of praise, the prayers, the lives of the martyrs, the mortification of the flesh. He said he knew he was a grievous sinner. That was human frailty; but his life was a penance for sin, and in the goodness of God he looked for forgiveness. This he told me after he had knelt before the shrine of Calvary, which is a little grotto built on the top of one of the hills. In the grotto and behind a large piece of glass are figures representing the descent from the cross, Christ's figure being a fearful object to look upon. In the shrine are a number of holy relics, among them a scourge.

It will not be very long before Father Joseph will be unable to leave the hospital, where he now lives, and where no stranger is ever permitted to enter, and then they will put him on a bed of ashes formed in the shape of a cross, and the myrtle will grow over another little mound in the graveyard. The monks will come there to meditate sometimes, and perhaps each one will envy the brother who has gone.

One of the interesting spots about the abbey is the grave of Baron de Hudiamont. It is built in an angle of the church, and is shown in the little white spot against the church wall seen in the engraving. A marble slab records

that here lies John Lambert Emmanuel Amor Constant, Baron de Hudiamont, who was born in Belgium, April 28, 1789, and died at Gethsemane, October 22, 1879. In the grotto built around the grave is an image of St. Joseph. The Baron came to this country, and settled in St. Louis when it was a small town. His descendants live there now. He was one of the early benefactors of the abbey, and spent the last ten years of his life within its walls, but never took any of the vows. He continued to devote much of his large means to the institution, helping to build the present house. Near his grave, in another angle in the church, is the grotto of the Blessed Virgin.

In the United States there is only one other Trappist monastery. It is called New Melle-ray, and is located near Dubuque, Iowa. It was founded in 1849 by colonists from Mont Mellemy in Ireland, which was established by seventy-five Englishmen and Irishmen who had been expelled from France.

It is difficult to exaggerate the austerity of the life of the Trappist monks. With the exception of a very small percentage of the order, the seclusion from the world is complete. A touching story is told of a monk who died at Gethsemane, which shows how absolutely apart is the life of these men. The Father had come from France with Eutropius. He was dying, and the abbot asked him if there was any request he wished to make before his lips were sealed forever. He feebly asked to be told the fate of the Emperor. He meant Napoleon Bonaparte, under whom he had been a soldier. Learning that he was dead, he breathed his last.

Notwithstanding all this severity, the monks at Gethsemane have an expression of calm on their faces that I have never seen elsewhere. Little light shines in their countenances, and they all look sad, but not restless. They impress one by the dignity of their bearing, the reverential courtesy of their manner, and their benignity. There is nothing austere in their faces, nor is there a trace of Jesuitical craft. Their welcome to strangers is cordial, but those who come to board live on very hard and unwholesome fare, and have besides to listen to a brown brother read in a halting manner during meal-times. The place is much used by priests and strict members of the Romish Church as a place of religious retreat.

*Morton M. Casseday.*

## FRA BENEDICT.

The world's heart is not God's heart, nor His will;  
His paths are humbler—in the dust of pain.  
Ah, may his feet, erewhile he sought the world,  
His human feet that walked in human sin  
And trod straight through the gates of pain to health,  
May they have rest beside the brooks of peace—  
The broken spear best suits the Master's use.

He gives His gifts, and none know whence they come.  
He works our good against our baser selves;  
For we, we struggle in our ignorance,  
Not knowing 'tis His hand that's shaping us.  
Half our brief life is spent in choosing ways  
Whereby to thrive in profit or in fame,  
Regardless that the Master hath last choice,  
And chooseth best, although we know it not.

Just here a legend comes across my mind  
Which showeth how it stands 'twixt God and man.  
There was a potter once who, while he worked,  
Said to the clay he kneaded, half in jest,  
"What wouldst thou, jug or mug?" "Jug," quoth the clay,  
"So shall I bear cool water unto Toil."  
"Nay, mug," its fellow near, upon a board,  
"So shalt thou kiss joy's lips, and hold her wine;  
Such shall my choice when I have leave to choose."  
"Yea," then the potter, "joy is very good,  
But humbleness is noble." Then forthwith  
He set the knead upon a simple shelf,  
And turned the wheel, and shaped it with his hand,  
So swift it shrieked in pain of being made;  
Shrieked—and fell finished at his feet, a vase.  
Thereat he filled it full of rarest flowers  
And placed it, white, upon a sacred shrine  
Unto God consecrate in worthiness.

Thus the Great Potter makes us mugs or jugs,  
Not as we strive, but as He willeth us—  
Although, mayhap, we shriek of being made.  
And he had striven before he came to us  
(Fra Benedict, who wrote that hymn you heard),  
Although, oftentimes, while in the world he heard  
(Or thought he heard) God call him in the crowd;  
And often in the strife was he beat down  
Where others failed not—yet he failed in all.  
Where'er he turned he walked on Failure's thorns,

## FRA BENEDICT.

And beat his face against the Actual's cliffs,  
 Until the last great failure drove him here.  
 Whoso loves calm has ever least of it;  
 Whoso seeks rest, God plagues him with unrest  
 Until such time as he fulfills His will.  
 His life was one great search for rest; he prayed  
 Ofttimes for it with all his soul. Myself  
 Once saw him weep in speaking of the same;  
 And once, when "*Agnus Dei*" was sung low  
 With "*Dona Nobis Pacem*," during mass,  
 He wept again. "It was *my prayer*," he said,  
 "I saw the Master through the clouds of song."

*Song* was his curse; his very soul was song,  
 And unto this he toiled for wealth and fame,  
 Three dragons tearing at the souls of men.  
 This in the world; with us he sat for days  
 Like one who bleedeth inly of a wound,  
 And over him God hung his curse, unrest.  
 "Brother Aloysius," spake he sad one day,  
 "Dost thou believe our Lord can save a soul  
 Divided in itself which way to turn?  
 God help me, brother, I am torn by fiends,  
 Even 'mong you, although you know it not!  
 Who will cast out these devils from my soul?  
 They drive me mad; they tear me in the night—  
 And day or night they feed upon my mind!  
 Ah, God! dear God! I am accursed by Thee!  
 Thou gavest me mind and heart and soul too much—  
 They tear each other, gnashing gory teeth  
 So sharp I feel their whiteness in the dark!"  
 And then his lids grew heavy, speaking on:  
 "Rather, O Lord, I was Thy instrument,  
 Tuned with Thy hand to sing Thy melodies,  
 Even to the voice of simplest outcast wind—  
 But the world touched me, and my song is not.  
 It is gone out; the light hath touched the dark,  
 Dank-foul and poison with the charnel damps;  
 There is a flaw somewhere; the music jars;  
 God pity me! the world hath played too long."

And one day in the garden thus he spake:  
 "Brother, I wish my heart a tuft of grass,  
 One humble tuft that lay beside His way  
 That night He entered in Gethsemane,  
 So His dear feet might tread upon it there,  
 And crush those devils that afflict it so.  
 In humble homes when embers are thrown back  
 Behind the back-log, ere they go to bed,

Ofttimes one ember on the hindmost log  
 Alights, and, if it hath sufficient strength,  
 Kindleth anew, or weak feeds on itself  
 Till perishing in silence desolate.  
 That little coal am I; I could not burn;  
 What heat I had touched not the sodden wood,  
 So lo! my heart is ashes, and in vain!

"He is a fool who giveth wheat for chaff;  
 And yet I gave my soul unto the world  
 And asked its chaff of fame, which it withheld,  
 And then, in famine, tried to sell my soul,  
 So that, O God! I might have bread to live!  
 And buyers came and stared and passed it by,  
 Or mocked me that I offered worthless wares.  
 My God! my God! Our human souls are cheap  
 When buyers mock them in the market place  
 Because, most-like, they're clad in flesh and rags!"

One day the abbot took him by the hand  
 And talked with him, and bade him trust in God.  
 "You have sung much for fame, now sing for Him,"  
 The abbot said, "and cast those devils hence,  
 For since His passing, each is his own Christ,  
 Casting out devils by his truth of soul;  
 Cast first the world and then appeal to Him.  
 Who sings *one truth* our Lord remembereth;  
 And, though his heart be dust, his soul shall live."

With this it seemed his mind grew quieter:  
 He went about in silence more content,  
 Even plucked the grapes that in October hung  
 Blue as the mist upon the convent wall.  
 "I think I could grow calm here doing such  
 Heart-easing, lowly, simple, earnest toil  
 Day after day," he said to me one eve,  
 "Saving His gifts which He hath loaned to man;  
 It brings me closer to Him in His works,  
 It gives me back my simple morn of youth;  
 Perhaps I shall tend garden here next year."

Naught more. Yet he stayed on and worked with us,  
 And gathered sheaves, and tended our few kine  
 For years thereafter, with a simple care.  
 He seemed awaiting something, and at last  
 Our Lord let down His quiet unto him,  
 And he went hence to glean eternal sheaves.  
 That was his hymn you heard them chanting late  
 At sundown; hear it! 'Tis a prayer for rest.  
 God grant him rest. *Oremus*—let us pray.

*Charles J. O'Malley.*



## THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

LET us look for a while into the dispositions made by General Fremont at St. Louis. When that officer took command of the Department of the West, with headquarters in St. Louis, he established himself in the Brant mansion, on Chouteau Avenue, and organized his staff for effective work. He found little material, and the department was disorganized. Every thing had to be created; camp and garrison equipage, arms and munitions to be collected and distributed, and little aid either in money or supplies was furnished him from Washington. General Lyon was in the field, at Springfield, and in answer to his requisitions for supplies and reinforcements, which he could not send him, Fremont was compelled to order him to retreat upon Rolla. Lyon disobeyed, and was crushingly defeated. A howl of complaint went up from all quarters, especially from the civilian and political officers who had hastened and controlled Lyon's promotion. I can have no personal feeling in the matter and, as between the parties, I do not know General Fremont. I have long known and highly esteemed some of the gentlemen who at that time composed the Committee of Safety, which brought General Lyon into command, and have known some of the gentlemen who were most opposed to Fremont; but at this day, with our experience as soldiers, we can have no hesitation in believing that a military officer who allows himself to be controlled or unduly influenced by civilians and politicians will necessarily fail in his mission as a commander. The men who make revolutions never control them. It was competent for the Committee of Safety and their coadjutors, by precipitating the Camp Jackson disaster, to precipitate the war in Missouri, but there their functions ended. They could no more have governed the elements of strife they engendered than the man who set fire to the temple at Ephesus could have controlled the raging flames which consumed what he could not build.

Fremont had done his best to reinforce Lyon. He had ordered General John D. Stephenson to move from Rolla to his assistance, but General Stephenson could not march for lack of transportation. Besides, Lyon's troops were entitled to their discharge by expiration of time; and all troops can not be handled, as experience teaches, when they are constrained

to remain in the service against their will and are clamorous for arrears of pay. This, to Fremont's mind, left only one course to pursue, to wit, to recall Lyon's forces, discharge them, and enlist a new army while the necessary equipments and supplies for the field, and the arms and transportation required were being provided. The retreat upon Rolla, effected under command of Sturgis after defeat, was certainly more demoralizing than it would have been before. Price was armed with the panoply of victory. Fremont seems to have followed his own instincts and convictions as an experienced and educated soldier, regardless of the clamor of enemies and opponents. He was indifferent to the ridicule which the almost regal state in which he is said to have lived at his headquarters, and the pomp and circumstance with which he was surrounded, excited, and to the clamors over the defeat of Lyon. He knew little of politicians, and dealt only with soldiers; to them he was always accessible, as one instance will prove, which I am tempted to relate on the authority of General McKinstry's unpublished memoirs.

One evening, shortly after the defeat of General Lyon, General McKinstry, coming out of the *adytum* of Fremont's headquarters, found waiting in the ante-room, receiving little consideration from the dime-novel-reading orderlies and clerks, a person whom he thought he had known in former years. Upon closer examination he recognized U. S. Grant, who had been known to him in the Mexican war, and had resigned years before from the regular army. Grant was then a Colonel of Illinois volunteers, and had been assigned to duty with some general officer, then his superior in rank, but now a comparatively obscure general. For some reason Grant had not given satisfaction to this martinet, and he had retired him with instructions to report to General Fremont for further orders, and with no very complimentary recommendation. Grant stated his situation to McKinstry, who immediately returned to the commanding General, reminding him of their former association in Mexico, for they had both lost sight of Grant after his resignation. Fremont was looking for a suitable officer to take command of some troops he was sending as a reinforcement to Bird's Point. He at once agreed to assign Grant to that duty. In October, and very shortly after the fall of

Lexington, the results of the battle of Belmont marked Grant as a soldier of unconquerable pluck and ability.

Fremont went to work to recruit and organize an army under the most discouraging circumstances. He formed and matured his plans, and carried them out in their details so that, within a week after the fall of Lexington, he was ready to take the field with a well-appointed army of thirty-five thousand men. Price did not remain in ignorance of Fremont's diligence, nor of the extent of his preparations. With two rounds of caps, on the 2d of October, he left Lexington on his retreat, having advised McCulloch of his purpose, who had promised to move to his support at the earliest moment. He was strong enough to take all his baggage, and carry with him a much recruited army, with all the captured arms and stores. He was prompt in his retreat, but not precipitate, and, being known as the best wagon-master in his army, left little behind him, except the Coehorn mortars and some obsolete ordnance captured by the enemy at Camp Jackson, and recaptured at Lexington.

We ought now to understand what were Fremont's plans of campaign. His troops were assigned to several commanders. General Hunter, with several thousand, concentrated at Tip-ton on the Pacific Railroad; McKinsty, commanding the regulars at Syracuse, on the same railroad, and General Pope, with about ten thousand men at Sedalia, then the terminus of the railroad, and about sixty miles southeast of Lexington, while Sigel was a few miles beyond Sedalia with another corps, and General Sturges at Leavenworth; Mulligan had just been captured at Lexington, and General Jeff. C. Davis was at Jefferson City. These columns, co-operating with a strong force from Rolla, under Fremont, were to move upon Springfield. They hoped to come up with Price and bring him to action before his junction with McCulloch, by cutting off his retreat; or, if he succeeded in joining McCulloch, to be able to defeat their combined forces. They knew Price's troops were raw and comparatively untrained, but they knew likewise that they were in the main commanded by trained and regular soldiers. Price was too wary for them, and got out of their reach before they could press him, and McCulloch had at last moved up into Missouri in supporting distance before the tardy generals of Fremont had gotten on the war-path. Hunter was dilatory about starting, and was supposed to be in sym-

pathy with the enemies of Fremont, through whose influence he was afterward placed in command; indeed, he had in his pocket an order from the Secretary of War to supplant Fremont, provided it was not in the presence of the enemy, or on the eve of battle. McKinsty had to pass the Osage River at a point that presented many difficulties, which occasioned him a vexatious delay. Pope and Sigel advanced, but were held back by the tardy progress of Hunter, so that Fremont's column arrived and occupied Springfield on the 27th day of October, 1861, the first of any of them. Price had already been joined by McCulloch, and had taken position at Neosho, where the legislature had assembled.

Price sent orders, before Fremont's arrival, to the commander of McBride's division, then garrisoning Springfield, to load the stores and fall back and join him at Neosho. This was barely effected on the 25th of October, when Fremont's advance guards entered the city. The rearguard of McBride, commanded by Colonel Campbell, had just gotten fairly out of the way, after loitering awhile at leave-taking and seeing that every thing was gone.

Captain Zagonyi, a Hungarian who was in command of Fremont's body guard, learned there was a bunch of State Guard troops and recruits encamping in Foxbright's pasture, about two miles southwest of Springfield. They were about eight hundred strong, but less than a third of them were armed, and those only with shotguns and rifles. They were commanded by Colonel Michael Johnson, of Maries County, Colonel Snabel, of Crawford, and Colonel Frazier, of Greene, and were encamped without order or method and were entirely without experience. Zagonyi determined to bag or disperse them. He had about two hundred and fifty well-armed, well-appointed cavalry, which he immediately ordered to mount and put on the trot-march in pursuit. Having marched around them, he approached their encampment from the west, and charged down a narrow lane upon them. The raw recruits, under their steady and gallant officers, did not disperse as Zagonyi anticipated, but stood to their arms, which they had only used previously against deer and squirrels, and deploying along the fence-corners took deliberate aim. The result was that they killed about fifty of his horses and some of his troopers. Zagonyi threw down the fences and rallied, but in the mean time Frazier and Snabel and Johnson took position in the sumach and crab-apple thickets, formed

their line in good order and delivered another fire. After making ineffective efforts to dislodge them, Zagonyi sounded the retreat and fell back upon Springfield with a loss of fourteen killed and many horses and equipments that fell into the hands of the recruits.

This affair was said, at the time, to have given occasion to a very dramatic funeral in which the dead troopers did duty as corpses, and an equal number of riderless horses, duly caparisoned and draped in mourning, were led in the procession among the mourners. The public clamor of the Federals, then hungry for something in the shape of victory, was so great that they were wont to exaggerate this fatal charge into a great exploit, which was compared to Lord Cardigan's blunder at Balaklava, sung into fame by Tennyson. *Harper's Weekly* and the illustrated newspapers in the North were blazoned with splendid pictures, representing the brave cavalry in the midst of a victorious melee, and of the funeral honors paid the heroic dead. Copies of these papers strayed occasionally into our camps, and furnished much amusement. The State troops had six men wounded, one by a severe saber cut, the scar of which he carried to his grave.

Fremont was soon joined by Sigel and McKinsty, but Pope and Hunter complained of insufficient transportation and were dilatory. They were supposed to be unfriendly to Fremont, and under the influence of his enemies. McKinsty was constrained to advise Fremont to order Hunter under arrest and have him court-martialed. Sturgis came up in time from Fort Leavenworth, and a party of Kansas militia, under Jim Lane, the then United States Senator from Kansas, who had shortly before pillaged Cass County, moved down into the country south of Lexington, uncovered and left defenseless by Price's retreat, and burned and sacked the town of Osceola. It was a case of wanton outrage and pillage. The town was left a mass of smoking ruins, with chimneys and bare blackened walls alone standing, with the exception of the house occupied by Lane for his headquarters and a few others out of the reach of the flames. The lawless Kansans robbed every body they could find, principally women and children. One lady, the widow of Mr. Vaughan, whose husband had been killed a few weeks before, was detected in trying to bury some valuables and was robbed of ten thousand five hundred dollars in gold. This incident would have disgraced Mexican or Calabrian banditti.

But Hunter and Pope at last joined the impatient Fremont. He began to realize some apprehensions that his enemies were thwarting his plans. But he called a council of war and unfolded his plan of campaign. His purpose was to press General Price and force him to battle at Neosho, or wherever he could find him, and to force the fight, if necessary, with Price and McCulloch combined, any where north of the Arkansas River. If victorious, press upon Memphis, Tennessee, and get into the rear of Sydney Johnson and Hardee; turn their flanks and rear, fight them in detail, possess himself of the Mississippi, and cut the Confederacy in two by capturing New Orleans. He explained the disposition of each corps in this council, and announced his instructions to each commander, and his purpose to move at daybreak the following morning. At this moment General Hunter stepped forward and presented an order from the War Department for him to take command, and relieving General Fremont on the eve of the intended battle.

Fremont, of course, left for St. Louis the next morning, and General Hunter, having assumed the command, convened a council of war the next day, to whom he read a letter from the President, advising that no battle be offered to Price's forces, but that the army fall back in two divisions upon Rolla and Sedalia, and draw their supplies from St. Louis till further orders. He did not command, only advised the abandonment of the campaign, but left it to the discretion and judgment of the commander to pursue or not the plans already determined on, or to adopt others, putting the sole responsibility on him. After the letter was finished, Hunter addressed himself to General McKinsty, who was neither the junior nor senior officer in rank and date of commission in the council, and said:

"General McKinsty, you have heard the letter from the President of the United States read. I desire you to make known your views to me."

McKinsty replied: "I have listened attentively to the reading of the President's letter, and it is simply advisory and not mandatory. I presume to discuss it. No one knows better than I what an amount of toil and treasure has been expended in raising this army. We have come forth, in my opinion, to do what the people are expecting of us. Fight! It is necessary that we should fight, even if we are defeated, and satisfy our countrymen that we intend to do our duty. Price and his army are

before us, and my opinion is that we should fight, notwithstanding the President's letter, which is simply advisory."

Pope, Sigel, and Sturgis were in this council, with a large number of other officers of rank, but Hunter, without calling for any other, asked General McKinstry if he had a plan of battle. The latter stepped to a center-table, on which was spread out a map of the State of Missouri. He pointed out the supposed position of Price's forces, and made known a plan of attack and immediate forward movement. In the course of McKinstry's remarks, General Sigel interposed objections to that part of the plan that held his corps in reserve. General Pope came to the support of General McKinstry, and made a speech in support of his views. The council then adjourned, with these words from General Hunter:

"Gentlemen, return to your commands, and hold them in readiness for a forward movement at daylight."

On his way back to his camp on the Neosho road, McKinstry, who had left immediately, was met by General Jim Lane, who had just come in with his gang of marauders from the scene of their disgraceful exploit at Osceola. He stated he had heard they were going to move on Price the next day and offer him battle, and asked to be permitted to join his forces for the fight. McKinstry politely declined to have his regulars joined by a body of men disgraced and infamous for pillage and every species of crime, and whose route was marked by fire and desolation. Lane went with his command into Springfield. The next morning, while getting ready to march upon Neosho, McKinstry was relieved from duty and ordered to report to St. Louis. Hunter then, on the 2d of November, fell back, according to the advice of the President, with the army, which he continued to command for the space of sixteen days. McKinstry, on his road to St. Louis, was placed in arrest.

I have mentioned that General Price moved out of Lexington early in October. It required but a few days to reach, without accident and only an occasional skirmish of scouts, the waters of the Osage. Once behind that stream he could safely watch the enemy on the Pacific Railroad and keep in check the Jayhawkers on the Kansas border. He occupied the line of the Pomme-de-terre River, which is south of and tributary to the Osage, and began to lay in supplies of flour at the numerous mills run by the water power furnished by the Sac, the Pomme-

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de-terre, and Marais des Cygnes. The mills were kept going night and day by details from each division, each accompanied by suitable pickets and escorts. His scouts and pickets occupied and watched the whole line of the Osage, and guarded the fords and passes.

McCulloch had at last moved up into Missouri and taken a position south of the Missouri army, but in easy reach by a day's march, and the forces could combine if necessary, and retreat into a favorable position before Fremont could reach Springfield, or the forces from Leavenworth, Sedalia, and other points could combine in a movement against them.

From his position behind the Osage, Price, on the 15th of October, fell back upon Neosho, where the legislature was expected to assemble on the 21st. Many officers serving in his army were members of that body, and it was convenient to them. A large number of civilians attended in obedience to the call of the Governor, and these were deemed sufficient for a quorum on the first day. The journal of that body, which was captured by the Federal troops some where in Alabama during the war and published by the United States Government, does not show a list of those present. There never seemed to be any occasion for calling the ayes and noes, and we are not able now, from any accessible authority to find out all the names, or their exact number.

In the Senate, the venerable Miles Vernon was called to the chair on motion of Mr. Goodlet, and the body organized, Lieutenant-Governor Hon. Thomas C. Reynolds being absent in Richmond.

The Governor's proclamation calling them together was read. It was dated September 26, 1861.

After reciting that the constitution empowered him, on extraordinary occasions to convene them, he proceeds to state his reasons as follows:

The present condition of things in the State makes it eminently proper that I shall now exercise that power. The Federal authorities have, for months past, in violation of the Constitution of the United States, waged a ruthless war upon the State of Missouri, murdering our citizens as far as in their power lay, and desolating our land. I have in vain endeavored to secure your constitutional rights by peaceful means, and have only resorted to war when it becomes necessary to repel the most cruel and long-continued aggression. War now exists between the State of Missouri and the Federal government, and a state of war is incompatible with the continuance of our union with that government.

Therefore, for the purpose of giving to the representatives of the people of Missouri an opportunity

of determining whether it be proper now to dissolve the constitutional bond which binds us to the United States when all other bonds are broken, I, Claiborne F. Jackson, Governor of the State of Missouri, by authority in me vested, do proclaim that the members of the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Missouri shall convene at the Masonic Hall in the town of Neosho, in the county of Newton, on the 21st day of October, 1861.

The House, having been organized by Mr. Murray, the clerk, the two branches of the legislature being ready, received a message from the Governor, which was duly read and considered on the 28th day of October, in which, alluding to the war then raging in Missouri, waged by the Federal government, the Governor says:

Our citizen soldiers were arrested and imprisoned, our State property was seized and confiscated without warrant of law, private citizens were insecure in their persons and property, the writ of *habeas corpus* had been nullified, and the brave judges who had attempted to protect by it the liberties of the citizens had been insulted and threatened, and a tyrant President, reveling in unbounded powers, had crowned all these acts of unconstitutional aggression by declaring war against a number of States composing the former Union. Since your last adjournment these wrongs and injuries have ripened into war against our people, waged with unusual and unrelenting ferocity on the largest scale.

It is in vain to hope for restorations of amicable relations between Missouri and the United States of America under the same government, and it is not desirable if it could be accomplished.

The Governor, therefore, begs leave to recommend,

1. An ordinance dissolving all connection between the State of Missouri and the United States of America.

2. An act of provisional union with the Confederate States of America.

3. The appointment of three commissioners to the provisional Congress of the Confederate States.

4. The passage of a law authorizing the executive of the State to cause an election to be held for the election of senators and representatives to Congress of the Confederate States of America, as early as practicable after the State of Missouri shall be admitted a member of said Confederate States, and providing in the same law the mode and manner that the citizens of the State, who may belong to the army at the time of such election, may cast their votes for representatives.

5. The passage of an act authorizing the executive to cause to be engraved, and from time to time to issue, over his signature as Governor, bonds of the State of Missouri in such sums and of such denominations as may be required by the welfare of Missouri.

The two Houses proceeded to the consideration of the Governor's message, and under suspension of the rules, in the Senate, a bill was read three times and passed, Hon. Charles Hardin, of Audrian, alone voting in the negative, "*An act to dissolve the political connection*

*of the State of Missouri with the United States of America*," which had been introduced by Mr. Goodlett. In the mean time the House had passed an ordinance of substantially the same purport, and the two bills were referred to a Committee of Conference. The committee having agreed, the following law was enacted, Mr. Hardin alone voting in the negative. This was done on the 28th day of October, 1861, and it was signed by the Governor as soon as engrossed and passed.

*An act declaring the political ties heretofore existing between the State of Missouri and the United States of America dissolved:*

That all political ties of every character now existing between the government of the United States and the people and government of the State of Missouri are hereby dissolved, and the State of Missouri, resuming the sovereignty granted by compact to the United States upon the admission of that State into the Federal Union, does again take its place as a free and independent Republic among the nations of the earth.

The further ordinance suggested by the Governor for the adhesion to the Confederacy was also passed about the same time.

The law providing for the elections of senators and representatives to the Confederate Congress was not passed in the manner and shape recommended by the executive.

They proceeded to elect two senators, Hon. John B. Clark and Hon. R. L. Y. Peyton.

They also elected all the representatives in the lower House, and provided that in future the soldiers in the field should hold elections for their several districts and vote for their congressmen.

This act Governor Jackson objected to in quite an elaborate message, but signed it, as he said, owing to the emergency of the case.

Provisions were also made by law for the public credit, and authorized the issue of bonds of particular denominations to pass as money. William Shields and Henry W. Lyday were appointed commissioners to take control of the issuance and sale of the bonds.

By the time Missouri had seceded and all the acts of the legislature had been engrossed and signed, Hunter had retired from Springfield, and there was no organized body of the enemy nearer than Rolla and Sedalia. Ben. McCulloch had retired into Arkansas, where he went into winter-quarters at and near Cross Hollows.

Missouri was admitted into the Confederate States by act of the Richmond Congress on the 28th day of November, 1861, and her delega-



tions in the Senate and House duly admitted to their seats as they arrived.

This campaign from its inception was marked by triumphant success; that success which is always the best fruits of good generalship, and the good luck that the world recognizes as the the highest mark of a true military chieftain. Every step was marked by the evidences of well-anticipated risk, a risk computed beforehand and met and compensated for by some corresponding advantage. And the march forward to Bolivar, and then westward to Cedar and Vernon to strike Montgomery at Fort Scott, was of a strategic value that enabled General Price to estimate the strength of any enemy he might leave behind him. His information, obtained at and after the battles of Dry Wood, satisfied him of the condition of the foe on his flank and justified his immediate movement forward. The estimate he put upon the valor and devotion of his raw troops was justified in every event of the campaign. He established the highest discipline without any acts of severity, and passed through, advancing and retreating, a rich and abundant country without any complaints of marauding, or any known deeds of violence perpetrated on those of the inhabitants who were known to adhere to our enemies. His soldiers were devoted to him, and his consciousness of being beloved by them was a source of infinite enjoyment. He became ambitious of their devotion, and with a pardonable vanity delighted to hear their adulations. That he should have measured himself by the extravagant meed of praise bestowed on him was justified by his phenomenal success, but it only endeared the soldier the more to him, and enabled him to infuse his great heart, full of devotion to his State, into his followers,

as he impressed into them his own magnetic and exalted courage in battle.

Price knew little of tactics and the details of military administration, but he applied to his offensive and defensive operations an exhaustless fund of practical common sense and his own sound judgment, in which he implicitly relied. Never was he known to hesitate at the most unforeseen difficulties, nor did his soldiers ever falter at any command. His forte was action, prompt, effective, and aggressive, and his proper sphere was the field. Being accompanied with brave and efficient officers, who executed all his commands in their details, he gave to his raw troops the steadiness of veterans combined with the *elan* of the high-spirited volunteer. He was, perhaps, at the time, the only officer of either army who fully estimated the American citizen-soldier at his full worth.

From the battle of Wilson Creek to the fall of Lexington was just forty-one days; till the enemy's retreat from Springfield opened all Southwest Missouri to him in November, 1861, was barely three months; and, considering his means, material, and supplies, he conducted one of the most brilliant campaigns of the war against a well-appointed, superior force.

It was the only campaign for which he had the sole responsibility, or the sole and undivided command, and it was, from its inception till its close, both on the advance and retreat, a series of triumphs and successes.

We must leave it to the candid and dispassionate judgment of the historian to pass upon the policy of the Richmond government in yielding so faint and desultory a support to Missouri, with the armies and means in reach lying idly in Arkansas and Kentucky.

*Richard H. Musser.*

## TO TOCCOA FALL.

Borne swiftly from your lofty ledge,  
Impetuous o'er the rock's rough edge,  
You seemed, from that long gorge below,  
A vision wrought of mist and snow.  
But now I hear your soft refrain  
Of rhythmic kinship to the rain,  
As if a summer shower had found  
An immortality of sound.

*William H. Hayne.*

## CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

### PART II.—THE AUTHOR.

THAT flying Couch of the Arabian Nights, which carried the Princess Mary and Aladdin Abu-sha-mét in the twinkling of an eye from the "Valley of Refreshment" to the streets of Alexandria, must long ago have been consigned, with Prospero's magic wand and all such instruments of "gramarie," to the bottom of an unknown ocean.

Nevertheless, reader! you have at your command a power more marvelous than the Genoese Princesses, and capable of subtler feats than any Puck, or Ariel, or Genie of Oriental fable ever accomplished.

Summon your "fantastic Familiar," therefore—the winged Sprite of Fancy—and she will, if you so desire, waft you safely and swiftly to this tiny nest of mine among the Georgian hills. Presto! no sooner said than done! Here you are, sound as a roach and cheerful as a cricket! Enter by all means, and warm yourself awhile, before this fragrant pine-knot fire. Deep as we are in March, observe how cold and frozen is the landscape still! There is but one point of color formed by the scarlet blossoms of the pear-japonica against the background of rugged scrub-oaks, the tag-rag and bob-tail, the beggarly tatterdemalions of a once famous, but long decimated sylvan regiment. The clouds hang low, and from the more distant pine wood comes a long, melancholy moaning, like the unintermitted roll of waves across a level beach.

Without, all is gloom, but within (*laus Deo!*), certain brightness prevails. . . What! my kind guest, you are warmed and comfortable already, and you would now like to see my library?

The wish is easily gratified. I lift the latch of this papered pine door, and *voilà!* Was there ever packed before in a space thus limited so heterogeneous a collection of volumes? The upper shelves are filled with English editions; some of invaluable books, for example, Johnne's Froissart, Tyrwhitt's Chaucer, Spenser's "Arcadia," and those rare publications of the Hakluyt and Shakespeare societies.

Yet are they only the forlorn remnant of a "noble army of martyrs," destroyed by fire a quarter of a century since, in the luckless capitol of South Carolina. Martyrs? assuredly! For may not great and good books possess a consciousness of their own, and be liable to

suffer if cruelly entreated? Who can vow that the breathing thoughts and burning words embodied therein, nay, that their very material investitures, through some occult sympathy, have not a species of personality with undreamed of sensibilities and subtle nerves? In which case, imagine the agony inflicted, when the torch of the immortal Bummer enveloped them in flames hot as Cranmer's at the stake!

You perceive that the rest of my volumes are chiefly modern and miscellaneous, constituting a perfect literary *mistura*. Here stand the poets from Byron and Keats to Philip Bourke Marston, Dobson, and O'Shaunessey, in the line with those essayists who most keenly appreciated poetical genius, such as Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb.

The small alcove which has caught your attention is devoted to historical and semi-historical works, with an occasional rare political pamphlet squeezed in, and looking rather discontented for want of room.

Among these are the works of Charles Gayarré, upward of two score volumes, if we count the unbound *brochures* and various literary and political addresses.

I have been studying them of late with deep interest, and have composed some careful notes of the impression made upon my mind by the extraordinary combination of powers exhibited in them.

"Lend me your ears," as Mark Antony used to say, and perhaps I may be enabled to convince you of what seems to me an unquestionable truth; namely, that Gayarré is an author of unique talents, of characteristics of thought and style in strong contrast with the methods of this day, when, as in the time of the Athenian Sophists, convulsive efforts are being made after merely new forms of intellectual expression which often render more lamentably apparent the fundamental barrenness of the conception beneath!

Let us adjourn, however, to the parlor while I read, and stationed under the "golden shadow" of the Lares, by the exhilarating hearth, the conditions may be propitious to the creation of that receptive and appreciative mood,

"Which waves a wand above the soothéd brain,  
Yet makes intenser all our faculties."

First in importance among Gayarré's works is doubtless his "History of Louisiana," the

third edition of which appeared in 1885, from the press of Armand Hawkins, New Orleans. It fills four large and handsome volumes, and combines, in a remarkable degree, exhaustive research and a logical arrangement of multifarious details (many of these absolutely original, and obtained at great cost and pains from the archives of the Spanish and French governments), with a pictorial power of imagination, a skillful grouping of personages and events, a graphic, picturesque, scholarly style, which, as the occasion demands, is now as splendid in amplitude of diction as Sir Thomas Browne's "*Hydriotaphia*,"\* and again as keen and epigrammatic as Scarron, and lastly, that peculiar force of dramatic comprehensiveness and finality which, to *vraisemblance* of parts, adds the harmony of an artistic whole!

Writing to Gayarré of this production, George Bancroft says: "You give at once to your State an authentic history *such as scarce any other in the Union possesses*. I have for many years been making manuscript and other collections, and all the best that I have found appears in your volumes."

The venerable annalist may have gone even further, and instead of qualifying his commendation of the history in question, as one which "*scarce any other State possessed*," might, *me judice*, have boldly proclaimed it as the ablest and most satisfactory *work of the kind* in all American literature!

The plan of this history is particularly attractive. It takes into due account the taste and requisitions of the ordinary reader, and, at the same time, is invaluable to scholars and antiquarians.

The first volume, of 500 pages, treating of Louisiana "under the French Domination," opens with a series of lectures on "the poetry and romance of the history" of that State, which is fundamentally authentic, thoroughly trustworthy as to facts; but around the central truths there is an atmosphere of fancy, which may magnify, but in no way distorts them. On the contrary, they seem only the clearer, the more *prononcé*! "To relate events," says the

author in his preface, "and to point out the hidden sources of romance which spring from them, to show what materials they contain for the dramatist, the novelist, the poet, the painter is not without its utility." And he justly adds, "When history is not disfigured by inappropriate invention, but merely embellished by being set in a glittering frame, this artful preparation honeys the cup of useful knowledge."

Certainly his initial "Lectures" contain a wonderful mine of material, full of the most passionate human interest. When the American Walter Scott shall at last arise, he will find therein the richest ore ready for the shaping hand of his imagination.

The only difficulty is "an embarrassment of riches." Turning these papers at random, one encounters picture after picture of extraordinary adventures, of heroic endeavor, of saintly martyrdoms by land and sea, of the novel customs and warlike achievements of barbarian tribes, of the growth of vast communities from germs strangely feeble and scattered, of momentous dramas enacted in the wilderness, the remote effects of which were to change the courses of governments, to unsettle dynasties, to uproot empires, almost to *create* the world anew!

From Chaos to Cosmos are we led through innumerable by-paths of incident and thickets of colonial progression and retrogression.

Of separate and striking descriptions, let me mention the superb account of the sea-fight in lecture second, where a single French vessel, under the command of Iberville, conquers *three* English ships of superior force;† of the thrilling experiences of La Salle, Marquette, Joliet, and Bienville; of Tonti of "the iron hand," and still more, the iron *will*, whose toils, sufferings, and triumphs appear incredible, and yet are proved to have been sober matter-of-fact; of the great Indian king, Quiquatanqui, the Agamemnon of a savage confederacy, who, in his fleet of one thousand canoes, pursued the remnant of De Soto's expedition for seventeen days with incessant fury, and who, when his chase was stopped by the roughened and stormy sea, rose in his own war-boat, hurling these last words of scornful hate at the baffled invaders:

"Tell your countrymen that you have been pursued by Quiquatanqui alone; if he had

\*Browne's "*Hydriotaphia*," or "Urn Burial," seems scarcely known to modern readers. Yet is it a grand prose-poem, as rhythmical in its periods as Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living, etc.," and abounding in passages of quaint originality. For example, commenting upon the craze of erecting lofty monuments, etc., he says, "All is vanity, feeding the wind and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth: *mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds; and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!*"

†This fact is related by Father Charlevoix, and manuscripts copied from the archives of the Department of Marine in France, and now deposited in the office of the Secretary of State, Baton Rouge, will convince the incredulous that the author has not drawn upon his imagination.

been better assisted by his peers, none of you would have survived to tell the tale."

The regular history commences with the *second* series of lectures, and presents us, almost upon the threshold of events, with a particularly graphic and satisfactory life of that magnificent mountebank, that immortal charlatan in the realm of bubble-speculations, John Law, originally of Edinburgh, but afterward the champion cosmopolitan rogue and swindler of the eighteenth century.

Never, in the countless biographies of this phenomenal financier, English or French, has the portrait of the man been so minutely and clearly drawn. He stands before us as in actual existence, a personage to be abhorred and repudiated, yet by no means altogether despised, since there is something in *power*, even when allied with unbounded and scampish audacity, which wins from us a species of—we can not say respect, but of unwilling admiration. Precisely such a characteristic was it of our common human nature (although in *his* case much exaggerated) which caused Thomas Carlyle to consider Cromwell not only a hero, but a saint, Danton a patriot, Von Goethe, or the old sensualist, a philosopher and moralist (!) no less than artistic genius, and which forced from him those half-hysterical expressions of sorrow when he heard of the death of Byron!

The second volume of the "*History of Louisiana*" continues the narrative of French domination; the third treats of the Spanish, and the fourth of the American possession, the animated story having, by a supplemental chapter, been brought down to the close of the war of secession.

In completing his important task, and taking farewell of a subject especially dear to his mind and heart, our author says, referring to secession:

"Louisiana did not hesitate to stake her all on the cast of a die, at what she conceived to be the call of honor and duty. Four years have since elapsed, and she is now the seat of desolation; the hoof of the conqueror's horse has withered her opulent fields in the land which was once a fit residence for the brave, free population of the Caucasian race, and an Elysium for her African bondsmen.

"Another pen than mine must relate her sufferings, sacrifices, heroism in battle, fortitude in defeat, and humiliation after prodigies of resistance against overwhelming numbers on land and water.

"Farewell! sainted and martyred mother!

"My work as historian is done; but my love as thy son shall cling to thee in poverty and sorrow, and nestle in thy scarred bosom with more constancy than when thy face was radiant with joy and hope."

Next in importance to his Louisiana history is Gayarré's "*History of Philip II.*" of Spain. The character, policy, peculiar ambition, and achievements of a monarch, who, in subtlety of brain, far-reaching Machiavellian cunning of diplomacy, cold satanic ruthlessness of soul, and a monstrous habit of self-deception, which seems to have made him regard his worst cruelties as mere matters of duty, towers in black loneliness among his fellow-sovereigns of comparatively modern times, have all been studied by Gayarré so closely and philosophically, that here again, as in the instance of John Law, we look upon a photograph rather than an ordinary likeness—a photograph with every line keenly defined, every minutest trait of expression, contour, and feature brought conspicuously out and unerringly perpetuated.

His account of Philip's decease, its slow, terrible, and ghastly tortures, is an example of weirdly picturesque delineation, unsurpassed by any thing of a kindred nature, in Richter De Quincey, or Froude.

We are introduced to the enfeebled and doomed king just after he has retired to the somber walls of the Escorial.

In that gigantic structure, uniting a palace, monastery, and mausoleum, among bands of Hieronymite monks, he suffered for two years the tortures of the damned. Long-standing gout had become complicated with an exhausting tertian fever, succeeded by dropsy. The dropsy almost maddened him with thirst, which, nevertheless, it was fatal to indulge. His whole body broke out into sores and humors. One especially malignant tumor manifested itself in his right knee. As it prodigiously increased the pain was agonizing, and the physicians resolved to open it.

Juan de Vergara, the most skillful of the Spanish surgeons of his time, performed this operation. Painful as it was, the patient scarcely winced. No improvement followed. Above the gash made by the knife two sores appeared. From their hideous lips issued an incredible quantity of matter.†

Thence rose a stench insupportable to the by-standers. So sensitive was the wretched

†The mere outline I have given of Gayarré's tremendous picture of Philip's sufferings and death may, I trust, induce my readers to seek the original.

creature (Sovereign of Spain and the Indies) that his body could be turned neither to the right nor left, nor was it possible to change his clothes or his bedding.

Immersed in a sink of corruption, smitten in a loathsome fashion from the "sole of his foot unto his crown," no increase to his affliction seemed practicable, when a chicken broth, sweetened with sugar, was administered to him, and "gave rise," says the chronicler, "to other accidents which are represented as being of an extraordinary and horrible character." His ulcers teemed with worms, which reproduced themselves in such abundance that they defied all attempts to remove their indestructible swarms. For fifty-three (!) days he remained in this state, taking little if any nourishment. And yet with a frame thus tormented, with every nerve on the rack, and his veins filled with fire, Philip endured his unspeakable pangs with a heroism unparalleled in the history of mankind, and finally died "in the fragrance of sanctity," as calmly and hopefully as any saint in the long bead-roll of the pious martyrs of Christendom!

How are we to account for so extraordinary a phenomenon? Was the will of this "Christian Tiberius" of such iron quality that the specters of his evil deeds were forced to crouch at its bidding? or, sustained to the last by the fanaticism of king-craft and the fanaticism of religion, did he regard his atrocities as absolute duties—as legitimate means to proper ends, the ends of governmental and spiritual absolutism?

"Surely," exclaims Gayarré, "here is a moral phenomenon which requires explanation, a psychological mystery demanding a solution!" "They can be found," he adds, "only in the hypothesis that Philip remained persuaded to the last hour of his existence that he was right when he committed those acts which struck with horror his contemporaries and are still execrated by posterity!"

It seems an odd reversal of the usual methods to begin a man's life with an account of his death; but, as touching the present "history," nothing more judicious could have been done; since at once we have attention riveted by the kingly hero's abnormal character and qualities, no less than by the narrator's extraordinary power of portraying them, invincible as they were almost in *articulo mortis*!

Nor does the body of this history fail to sustain the dark fascination of its opening chapter. It is a romance of imperial crime, of a huge net-

work of tortuous, bloody policies which involved Europe, the Indies, South America, and fettered a large portion of the world, Christian and heathen, as by the influences of a spell subtle as the threads of the Parca, implacable as the spirit of Moloch!

A strict equity is apparent in all details. Nowhere has the writer yielded to a natural abhorrence of Philip's plans and practices so far as to warp his own judgment or modify his regard for truth.

The final chapter is an elaborate and instructive discussion of literature, the arts and sciences in Philip's reign. Quickly, but in a clear, vivid light, the men of artistic genius of that age pass before us; we learn their idiosyncrasies, we mark the sources alike of their successes and their failures.\*

From Lope de Vega, the indefatigable, to Morales, "the divine," we make the acquaintance of the entire radiant army of those who may well be termed "*illuminati*," the only beneficent stars of a brutal, ferocious epoch.

Philip, as might have been readily conjectured, was a cold, esthetic patron. "There was something," says Gayarré, "freezing in his very encouragement." And thereupon he relates the following incident, a very significant one:

"In 1581 his Majesty, on his way to Lisbon, passed through Badajoz, where the illustrious painter, Morales, was living. He sent for the artist, examined him with cold, gray, supercilious eyes, pondered a moment or two, and then found nothing better to observe than, 'You are very old, Morales!'

"'Aye! and very poor, sire,' was the emphatic and no doubt disgusted reply."

Even Philip must have felt a tingle of shame in his arctic veins, and some little heat, evanescent as feeble, about the "cockles of his heart," presuming him to have had such an organ. At least he took the hint he had himself provoked, and granted the artist—this Spanish Titian—an annual pension of three hundred ducats. The sorry compliment, the

\*I must state a characteristic circumstance concerning the Northern publishers of Philip II. Gayarré had remarked in the course of his narrative that Lincoln's famous proclamation against the Southern rebels (so-called) was, by a strange coincidence, almost a *fac simile* of Philip's proclamation against the Moors of Granada; and he had proved his assertion. Without consulting the author his publishers deliberately omitted this passage, having a shrewd eye upon the Northern market. A beautiful example of that boasted reverence for liberty of thinking and writing, which is being continually enunciated in certain hyperborean regions!



poor remuneration, came too late. It merely furnished the means of smoothing a few furlongs of the pathway of a sublime genius to his already half-opened grave. It merely bathed with a little *aqua d'oro* the aching forehead of death.

I come next to Gayarré's "*Fernando de Lemos*." Upon the title page it is called "A Novel." I can not but regard this as a misnomer, since the work is rather a collection of sketches, anecdotes, narratives, and character portraits, combined by a principle of unity, so frail often, and wavering, as to be compared (if I may employ an image of Goethe's) to that red cord which runs, sometimes seen and sometimes hidden, through each of the royal marine ropes.

It contains sufficient matter to furnish forth a dozen books of ordinary cleverness and brilliancy, only the material is now and then carelessly arranged, while subjects interesting in themselves are treated with unwonted diffuseness. Such errors, however, are more than atoned for by a frequent startling originality, both of characterization and description, also by a fervor of spiritual eloquence, which in turn elevates and subdues.

One personage introduced and drawn to the life, if not actually from it, has a Poe-esque impressiveness.

An Italian—Tintin Calandro by name; he had beheld the worst horrors of the French revolution, and, crazed thereby, had emigrated to New Orleans and become the sexton of the St. Louis cemetery in that city. A man of genius, and genius fired by madness, but "madness with a method," his speculations, soliloquies, and disquisitions among the tombs are singularly suggestive, vivid, and daring. He is a spiritualist to the core of his being, and a master musician whose violin discourses the most consummate and enchanting harmonies. His concerts are chiefly poured forth for the benefit of the dead, whom he by no means considers really dead. On such occasions, De Lemos, his friend, describes the man and his instrument as verily inspired. The violin assumes a soul, becomes a living thing. One could almost have fancied hearing a shout like the Sybil's in Virgil, "*Ecce Deus! ecce Deus!*" ("The god comes; behold the god!")

There is a particular scene illustrative of the author's skill in depicting the weird, allied in some measure to the terrible, which I am tempted to quote. The place is a "city of the departed," covered by monuments of every

size, shape, and design; the time, a gloomy, tempestuous day; and the persons, Calandro and De Lemos:

We were suddenly, says the latter, overtaken by a thunder-storm. We took refuge under the portico of a Gothic sepulchral chapel. The darkness became intense, the rain descended in torrents, peals after peals of our magnificent Southern thunder came thick upon each other, and the lightning seemed to leap from tomb to tomb.

At each flash I gazed around, and expected to see some strange, supernatural sight.

Tintin Calandro guessed at the undefinable feeling of awe which had crept over me, for he said:

"You will not see any spirit abroad in such weather as this. Disembodied spirits are as luxurious as when in the flesh.

"They are all at home now, enjoying themselves in their snug, small houses. They listen with delight to the hubbub of the elements, to this roaring wind, and bespattering rain. Each one rakes up his dry bones, hugs himself in his shelter, stretches his skeleton limbs with a keen sense of the enjoyment of complete repose, like an Epicurean in his soft and rose-perfumed bed, and, rubbing his bony hands, says to himself, 'How comfortable I am. Let me sleep; this is the weather to sleep in.'

"Pit-pat, pit-pat comes down the rain on our nice, tight roof. How sweet! Rain on; and thou, O wind, crack thy jaws; fire all thy guns, and throw out all thy bomb-shells, O thunder! and thou, lightning, shoot forth thy forked tongue like the arrow of Jehovah! We enjoy our repose the more from its contrast with this war of the elements."

"You see, my friend," continued Calandro, "the dead still live after their own way. In such a night as this they relish their beds as much as you do. They also, like us, love to pull the coverlets over their nakedness, and to doze away. No bills to pay to-morrow; no illusions to part with; no treachery to counteract; no disappointments to encounter; no brains racked; no heart bleeding; no tears shed. The battle of life has been fought; their cares are over. Hurrah! what a luxury to be dead!"

This wild burst of enthusiasm was expressed in a manner to which no description can do justice. While he spoke the thunder roared with increased fury, the lightning flashed more vividly, and the mad wind, grasping the floods of rain, dashed them upon the roof of our white marble sepulcher.

Calandro, always fantastic and elfish in appearance, looked now, by the lurid light of the evanescent flashes of electricity, so unearthly that I felt a creeping of the flesh, as if there stood near me something uncanny.

"Are you not tired of this storm?" he asked, after a long, brooding silence. "It is magnificent to be sure, but there may be too much of a good thing. To escape from it I have been trying a diversion to my mind, and I have been thinking how glorious my cemetery looks by moonlight. There is nothing then to equal it. What a scene worthy of the angels! When it is thus one sea of serene radiance, I love to perform on my violin for the dead. Beginning, I see at first a haze or vapor settling on each tomb, then shadowy forms glide upward through brick, marble, or granite.

"An immense assembly gathers for my concert. Some stand up, some sit down, others recline on

their own tombs, as on sofas. The little children, how daintily they look, God bless them! Sometimes they dance before me, moving their tiny feet in harmony with my music. When they are weary they trip up to me, they courtesy, they kiss their fairy hands, and thank me so prettily that, to please them, I could play the whole night. They sing in chorus, "Good-night, Tintin Calandro; good-night, dear Tintin Calandro," and they vanish. Ah! if you could only see such a sight, you would like to dwell forever in my cemetery.

How charmed would the German Grimm and La Molte Fouqué have been by the preceding inimitable picture!

Lack of space alone prevents my quoting more from "*Fernando de Lemos*." There is an episode in chapter x, portraying the character of an old priest among the Pyrenean Mountains, which is quite worthy of Goldsmith at his best. The serious chapters on religion and Christian evidences are compact of logic, power, and spiritual insight; while, in a wholly different vein, we have in chapter xxxix a description of what may be called practical retribution, which must assuredly stir the blood of the "natural man."

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

## THE SCOUT.

1864.

As I ride with a keen lookout through the town,  
In the wind of the autumn blowing free,  
You lean from your open window down,  
And I raise my face to your own, chérie!  
I press my lips to the rose in your hair,  
And wish it was one of the two on your face;  
If I were up in the window there,  
Would you give me a last ébrace?

I have been rather-sad. I dreamed of a day  
(How the wind of the autumn is blowing free!)  
When the rattle of sabers would pass away,  
And the winds would whisper to you and me  
That love is the best, whatever betide,  
And the journey of life, made hand in hand,  
Is a path of flowers; but the dream soon died  
In the air of this war-curst land.

This very moment I catch the beat,  
On the wind of the autumn blowing free,  
Of a squadron passing with muffled feet  
By the mill, who are hunting me.  
If they find me—a shot!—I am wounded, sweet!  
One touch of the roses so fair to see;  
If they drag me in to die at your feet,  
You must kiss me again, chérie!

*J. Esten Cooke.*

## THE PRICE HE PAID.

"SHRIMPS—shrimps!" The shrill, but not unmusical cry of the vender broke the stillness of the early morning in the street.

Slowly she canvassed its length, her "fannin-basket" poised skillfully upon her head; when she had reached a time-worn, weather-beaten old house that stood on the corner, she paused, and with mild and patient insistence gave utterance once more to her cry:

"Shrimps—shrimps!"



"GEE! IS THAT ME, MARSE JACK?"

A head appeared at an upper window in response: "Come up," said its owner. The shrimp vender mounted the stairs and approached an open door-way; there she paused, no inharmonious figure in the *entourage* it disclosed.

A heavy, carved old bedstead stood in one corner, a modern screen tried in vain to hide it from view, a chest of drawers as old-fashioned as the bedstead served as a receptacle for pipes, books, palettes, and a Venus without a nose. Every where there was a mingling of the old and the new; pieces of modern tapestry tacked up against the walls, serving for backgrounds

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for finished and unfinished pictures, gave a curious yet pleasing effect.

On the round, polished mahogany table a great bowl of *Devoniensis* roses were steeping the room in fragrance.

The artist stepped back from the picture he had been working on and turned his eyes critically first upon the woman then upon the easel.

It was as though a magic-mirror had thrown suddenly a reflection from the doorway upon the canvas. There was the same fine poise of figure, the same half-savage grace, the well-rounded arms akimbo, the lazy, sleepy, dark eyes in the dusky face, the basket piled high with its pink load, the careless garb he had lent color to, and an added grace in its folds.

The woman stood transfixed: "Gee!" she cried, softly, "is that me, Marse Jack?"

"Yes," he answered; "how do you like yourself?"

"Like myself?" she answered. "I never thot a nigga like me 'ud a made sech a picter. Does yer spec' ter git money fer it?"

"I do; money and fame," he cried in a joyous voice, turning the picture so that it caught a better light.

The woman had lowered her basket, and was measuring in a little tin cup the usual quantity of shrimps that he took from her twice a week. She was one of the models that the rice-fields and the sea-islands had furnished him; a ragged, shiftless set of hangers-on they were for the most part, but full of picturesqueness.

"I recon yer don' want me no more?" she queried, as she lifted her basket and prepared to start.

"Not at present," he answered; "I shall finish this to-day."

Scarcely had she gotten down the stairs when the sound of high-heels filled the uncarpeted hall, and Jack Erskin turned again from his picture to see in the door-way the smiling face of a friend.

"I am so glad that you have come, Mrs. Romain," he cried, hastening forward and drawing her into the room. "My picture is almost finished, and you shall be its first critic."

"Let me see it at once," she said, with a little imperative air that was charming.

He led her up to it and stood back with a conscious pride, which, had it been less unconsciously conscious, would have provoked criticism.

"Again?" she said, reproachfully, "I thought this was to be *the great picture*, and it is like all the others, clever, but not great."

He flushed painfully.

"You are hard to please," he said, with some restraint. "My last picture had 'no force,' 'no virility.' I painted that to please you. Only the *technique* got it hung. I tell you I have no ideality, I can paint only what I see. These darkies here strike my sense of humor, appeal to my eye; and, say what you please, *I do* paint them well."

It was all true; he had no ideality, but he did paint darkies well. A Canadian by birth, he had drifted down into an old town on the Southern sea-coast where the novelty of the surroundings and the freshness of the negro type had been borne in upon him in so happy a way that he had created a school; the magazines had sought him out to illustrate the stories and sketches of Southern life that had begun to form a regular part of their make-up; several of his pictures had been hung on the line in the Academy and, though criticised, had brought him some little fame. He had many admirers who hoped great things for him in the future, for as yet he had made no distinctive mark as a painter.

A small, dark, thick-set man, he was as unlike the usual artist type as possible; his dark eyes burned with an eager fire, his whole bearing was filled with a restless activity and an overflowing enthusiasm; versatile, clever, as light of heart as he was of purse, he possessed the sensitiveness and the simplicity of a little child.

His lip quivered a little as he finished speaking, and the disappointment that Mrs. Romain's criticism had brought him was plainly visible in his attitude—all the buoyancy was gone from his face and manner.

She broke the silence that had fallen upon them by exclaiming:

"Tell me about your heart. Is it whole? Have you ever been in love?"

He ran his hand through the heavy black locks that fell over his brow, bowed mockingly, and answered:

"Heart whole and fancy free."

"Then I have hopes of you," she cried. "Go away; go somewhere—any where. Break your heart; smash it all to pieces! Then come back and paint me a picture."

She laughed a low, ringing laugh, that was somehow full of sadness.

"Happy people can do nothing well," she

added, by way of explanation, "but be happy. One must have been miserable—to paint, to write; one must understand—. You say you paint what you see! My poor boy, you are blind. Look at that picture there of the marsh at sun-set. It's all very well in its way—the lush, green grass, with the insidious creep of the waves, the background of dull red, and the one faint star; but does it say any thing of the long day of weary waiting for the returning waves? of the ecstasy of renewed life? No! You should be more than a copyist. You should interpret; you should suggest."

"Your ladyship is right," he answered, with quizzical gravity. "I shall go away, break my heart, and paint you a picture. By the way, I am going away. I have an order for some sketches of North Georgia, and as soon as I send that off," pointing to his picture, "I shall go. Shall I write you a weekly bulletin, and report progress toward a broken heart and a picture?"

The emphasis that he put on the last word showed a little resentment that she had failed to appreciate the merit of the picture upon which he had been expending all his forces. It was characteristic of him to think the picture he had in hand the best thing that he had ever done; to gloat over it, and glory in it, until some fresh conception should wean him from it. He drew out his note-book and began to write.

"I am making a note," he said, seriously. "Receipt for a great artist—paint, brushes, canvas, and a broken heart."

"You may laugh," she said; "it is a price to pay, but the only one. Ah! I do not know that I wish it, with all my ambition for you. What shall I do, if you lose your light-heartedness?—you, who make me forget that there is such a thing as time."

She spoke with a regretful tenderness, this woman who was no longer young; who had befriended the young fellow when he had come a stranger among strange people. Nobody knew what she had been to him, with her ready sympathy, her quick appreciation of every thing that was beautiful, and, above all, her honest, unsparing criticism.

"Do you know what Archer says of me?" asked the young man. "He says that you are ruining me; that you are making me effeminate—that my last picture showed it."

"I will not stay to listen," she answered, rising. "If you are ever great, it will be because you took my advice and broke your heart."

A few days after this conversation in the

studio, the artist was speeding away to the upper part of the State. His work lay mainly in putting into black and white the wondrous loveliness of the almost unknown mountain regions of Georgia. For days he lingered about the falls of Tallulah, fascinated by the grandeur and beauty that met him at every step.

The laurel and rhododendron were in blossom, covering the mountain sides, and springing bravely from the deep crevices in the huge boulders that winds and storms and overflowing waters had tried vainly to dash from their positions. Down in the cañon that made the bed of the Tugalo, a quiet mountain stream that hastens suddenly and then dashes in maddest glee into five falls of wildest, turbulent, silver water, a roar as of the sea deadened even the song of a bird. Above, the torn rocks met the blue sky. The overhanging crags, poised in mid air, the great platforms of rocks, rich in the precarious growth of pine and cedar and ash, brooded silently over the ecstasy of the rushing water.

All through the perilous paths, glad with the fresh glory of ferns and curious, beautiful fungi and delicate orchids, he wandered; from fall to fall he traced the seething, boiling water that leapt the rocks that barred its passage to the sea, until, in a grand chasm, whose topmost outlines cut clear against the sky, it suddenly grew calm and stilled its impetuous longing to take up the quiet flow of an exhausted passion. As the days passed his sketch book grew full to bursting. Many a quaint mountaineer, met in his wanderings; many a little tow-headed aborigine, shy and untamable; many a lank mountain woman, tired and sun-tanned, thrust themselves across the pages, giving a human side to the voiceless beauties of rock and cataract.

From a little cabin on the bank of the river his first letter to Mrs. Romain was written:

*Buono voyage* you wished me, my friend, when I said good-bye to you almost a month ago, and a *buono voyage* it has been, indeed. I have never been so happy in my life. After I left the railroad, as I told you I should, I took to tramping, and have dawdled and sketched all through this lovely country. When night comes I manage to be near a settlement or an isolated farm-house. I beg shelter for the night, and get the warmest hospitality. A pone of corn-bread, a bit of fried bacon, and a glass of butter-milk is a palatable supper to a hungry man; and, tired as I am, the feather-bed and the yarn blanket under me seems to me the couch of an emperor. Every thing that I set out in search of I have found, beautiful scenery and a people charmingly primitive and simple. "At it again!" you will say, of course. How can I help myself? I set out to paint scenery;

my fate overtakes me, and I become a character sketcher.

I have made two studies that I think will develop into good pictures, if not *the great one*. I found an old man in a cabin, who seemed to me to have the ideal head of a moonshiner; the bold, fearless eyes, the square jaw, seemed to me to belong to one who would maintain to the death his right to do what he pleased with his own.

The other study will please you more. "A Mountain Maid," I think I shall call it, if it is ever finished. At a loom in a corner of a cabin a girl, in a majenta-colored skirt, stands shifting the bobbins. The rafters, dark brown with time and smoke, are hung with pepper-pods strung together, while sunbonnets without number adorn the sides of the walls. I found it, ready grouped at a half-way house, where, by the way, I met with a pleasing surprise. I stopped there for dinner, and found that my host had been a member of the legislature, and was a man of great shrewdness and considerable information. Clad in the customary garb of the mountaineers—jeans breeches, homespun shirt and "galluses"—he received me with a grace that would have done credit to a drawing room. It seems almost strange that in these mountain fastnesses that mind can rise superior to the clogging influences of isolation.

Innate politeness, shrewdness, silence, and an aptitude for artistic attitudes seems to me the main characteristics of these people. I hope to do much good work this summer; if I do not paint *the picture*, I shall be the prophet of these glorious mountains and their quaint inhabitants.

With every desire to please you, I fear that I shall not find among them the materials of "*une grande passion*." Alas! I feel like the boy in the fairy tale, who cried, "Oh! if I could but shiver!"

To-morrow I am going over to a little village on the other side of the mountains, then from there I shall write to you again.

Adieu, my best of friends.

JACK ERSKIN.

While this letter was making its way southward, Jack was pushing on over the mountains to the village that lay on "yan side." The way led upward, and many a steep climb brought him out upon a knoll that commanded vast stretches of mountains, that seemed to beckon and lead him. The river, with its swaying tree-lovers, kept him company for miles, and the noisy Tiger Creek alternately laughed at and cheered him.

Shadows were settling in the valley when he reached the village; a mere handful of dilapidated frame- and log-houses, that had been thrown together without regard for symmetry or future development, shut in by the hills that stultified its growth, it nestled contentedly, the outlying farms making for it the only commerce that it knew, a fair barter and sale. After stowing away his traps in the rambling old house, dignified as the Blue Ridge Hotel, Jack joined a group of loungers that were standing around the post-office waiting for the mail-cart.



The stranger was greeted civilly, and soon found himself talking away with the freedom of old acquaintanceship.

A light buggy drove up, and a tall man, with iron-gray hair, got out, handing the reins to the girl who sat beside him.

"Thet's Englehart," whispered one of the natives to the artist, "him as owns Ukulah. Thet's what he calls his place; says its Injun fer 'lifted up.' Thar's his house."

He pointed to the side of a mountain some five or six hundred feet above the valley where a brilliant spot of color broke the green glory of the hill-side. The house on the mountain was a revelation to the quiet mountaineers who lived down in the village, and it was with a kind of proprietary pride that they pointed it out to the young artist.

"Yes, thet thar's Englehart's," chimed in another; "an' 'pears ter me like it's kind o' unholy a-settin' thar so blazin' red in the sunshine. An' sech folks as they is; they never so much as does a lick o' work. Three able-bodies they keeps ter fetch an' carry, besides a boy to dodge 'round. An' sech goins on, a-playin' the pianna, an' a-dansin' an' a-drivin' horses down that steep mounting same as if the very devil was after 'em! An' thet gal o' Englehart's with her quiet ways, they do say, makes it very inconvenient ter the men. Two on 'em has rid down slower than they went up this very summer. She's mighty nice to we uns, but I reckon she's what mought be called a secret-bosom devil."

The speaker, a tall, lank specimen of the hills, pulled himself together with a hitch, and "lowed he'd go ter the store an' git somethin' ter chaw!"

One by one the loungers dropped off, until there only remained the post-master, Mr. Englehart, and the stranger.

"Dockins is late to-night," said Mr. Englehart, as he took a turn on the narrow piazza. "You came over with him yesterday, I suppose," he added, turning courteously toward young Erskin.

"No, I came over on foot; I wanted to sketch as I came along. I've been three days on the road," he answered.

"An artist then, sir?" said Mr. Englehart, with polite inquiry.

"Yes," said the young man, simply. "Allow me to offer you my card, Mr. Englehart."

He handed him a bit of card-board, and the two gentlemen shook hands, and at once began to discuss the beautiful and varied scenery of

the vast chain of the Blue Ridge that lay around them.

The coming of the mail and its distribution interrupted their conversation, but at parting Mr. Englehart said:

"You must come up and see my view. Any day will suit me, we are always glad to receive visitors. My daughter," with a wave of the hand toward the buggy where Placid sat in the growing dusk, "will help me to make you welcome."

The young man bowed respectfully at this unceremonious introduction, thanked Mr. Englehart, and promised to accept his invitation at an early day.

About a week later, he remembered the invitation to Ukulah, and set out on foot to find it. At a little distance from the village he struck a narrow trail that promised steeper climbing, but a more speedy way of reaching the mountain than that offered by the road. An ambitious little stream sang down a rocky bed; as he climbed higher he found the banks growing steeper and the rocks wilder and more aggressive; finally he reached a point where, looking up, he saw the same little stream make a bold leap of more than a hundred feet. He paused from exhaustion, as well as from a desire to lose nothing of the pretty scene before him.

A fresh voice rang out, and echoed down the glen:

"Come up, Mr. Erskin," it called. "I'm Placid Englehart, and not a spirit."

Somewhat mystified, his eyes searched the rocks until he saw standing above him a slender, girlish figure. One hand held on to a swaying branch of laurel that grew over the bank; a wilderness of ferns sprang up about her feet. As quickly as he could, climbing on hands and knees, he reached her.

"You are going to Ukulah, I hope," she said. "You will let me be your guide the rest of the way," she added, with graceful courtesy. "Papa has been expecting you for days, and has been quite disappointed that *his view* should not have brought you sooner."

"I have been sketching over in the valley," he explained, "and could not come until to-day. I find these people wonderfully suggestive. If I could only put on canvas their characteristics, as well as their quaintness of appearance and dress!"

He had seated himself beside her on the bank, and was absently pulling a blade of grass between his fingers. A rustling in the bushes behind him made him turn his head. A boy was

struggling out from among them with his arms full of ferns.

"It is the Dodger," said Placid, noting his look of surprise. "When he came to offer his services, I asked him what he was good for, and he answered 'he was first rate ter dodge round.'"

The unconscious mimicry of her tones made the young fellow laugh heartily.



PLACID ENGLEHART.

"Since he has been with us he has had no other name."

"I think those are enough," she said, when the boy had scrambled down the bank. "He has been gathering ferns for mother," she explained.

"If you are rested, Mr. Erskin, suppose we start. The climb up the hill is no jesting mat-

ter. This way," she cried, jumping lightly over the rocks.

Erskin followed, and the Dodger brought up the rear. When they reached the brow of the hill they came out upon the road, and the artist had time to take in the house that seemed to one of the villagers at least *unholy*.

Low it was, and squat; a hurricane house built to duck the fierce winds that swept over the ridge at times; shingled all over, it was painted a vivid red, the roof and trimmings being dull slate. A broad piazza faced the mountains, over one end a climbing rose festooned itself, broad stone steps led up to it, and wide, deep terraces overlooked the winding road. The trees had been apparently untouched; the house was set almost in a forest. A sudden turn brought them in sight of the occupants of the piazza.

Mr. Englehart rose, and came forward to greet his guest.

"My aunt, Mrs. Peyton," he said, introducing the young man to an old lady who sat rocking in the sunshine that fell over one corner of the piazza. The old lady welcomed him with old-fashioned politeness, and the party soon settled themselves in the deep splint-bottomed chairs that were grouped invitingly about. The Dodger disappeared at a sign from Placid, taking his green burthen with him.

"Is your view much finer than this?" asked Erskin, pointing to the chain of mountains, blue and purple and misty, that lay before him. "This is nothing," answered Mr. Englehart. "Just wait until you are rested, and I'll show you the finest

view in the country. My neighbor over yonder thinks he has it."

"They quarrel over it every time they meet," interrupted Placid, laughing. "I wish the vexed question could be settled."

"Make Mr. Erskin umpire, George. Show him your ridge, and some day take him to 'Screamer,'" said Mrs. Peyton.

"That is a good idea, aunty," said Placid. "We'll make up a party and go on horseback."

"Here are the horses now," said Mr. Englehart, as the Dodger appeared leading two pretty brown mares. "Shall we try the ridge now, or later?"

"Now, by all means," said Erskin, rising promptly, disdaining the idea of fatigue.

"Come out, first, and get a drink of water fresh from the spring," cried Mr. Englehart, with boyish enthusiasm.

In passing through the house they met a lady with her hands full of ferns. Mr. Englehart stopped her, and said to the young man, "This is my wife." She held out her hand to the young fellow and smiled sweetly upon him.

"I am just filling my flower-pots, you see," she said. "Do not let me detain you; you are going up on the ridge, I believe?"

Mr. Englehart hurried him away, for he said the sun was getting high, and the way lay through the fields.

"Where did you meet Placid?" asked his host, as they were riding up the hill.

"At the waterfall, perched on the rocks—and I should like to paint her as I saw her there," he said, impulsively. "I beg your pardon," he added, quickly. "Your cordiality has made me forget that I am a stranger to you, and that such a speech is a liberty."

"Don't apologize," said the older man; "I am very proud of her beauty, and you can't help having eyes." After a moment's thought he said: "You shall paint her; I have often wanted to have a picture of her. Could you manage to come up and stay?"

Erskin assented eagerly, and before the top of the ridge was reached the two men had made an agreement, by which the artist was to come up and stay at the house on the mountain and paint its owner's beautiful daughter.

When they emerged upon the mountain-top, Erskin was almost dazzled by the view that met his gaze. He felt as if he had reached the very summit of the world. Climbing a great rock, that made a division in the backbone of the mountain, he shaded his eyes with his hands and let his gaze rove at will.

Beneath him were mountains, around him were mountains, far below the village was bathed in the sunlight; in the distance the purple peak of Currihu swam in the translucent atmosphere; the outlines of the nearer hills seemed to make a shore-line, and beyond them the outlines of other mountains swelled and surged like the waves of some vast inland

sea. Bald Screamer rose to eastward, and rock-marked mountains sought the sky. Behind him Nature repeated herself. The Tennessee Valley, with its waving corn-fields, was guarded by the same great line of hills, a tiny stream ran timidly to earth, the smoke curled upward from the straggling houses, and "belted" oaks lifted up mute arms of protest against the desecrating hand of man. The atmosphere was so clear that the sound of an ax was heard as it cut the bark of a tree a thousand feet below.

"Is it not glorious?" cried Mr. Englehart. "Is not the world well lost for such a sight as this?"

The young man's answer was a silence that was eloquent.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next letter that reached Mrs. Romain was not written from the village, as he had promised her, but from the house on the mountain. He said:

From the very top of the world I am writing to you to-day. I look down upon a smiling valley; I look into mountains that breathe and glow with beauty. Glorious thoughts of God! I look up, and a cloudless summer sky smiles down upon me. "Am I happy?" Deliriously so. I have lost my heart to the most beautiful woman in the world, and the chances are that you will be gratified, and that I shall break my heart. "Reckless, am I?" Perhaps so; but I am content to bask to-day in the joy of her presence, and "to-morrow's tangle to the winds resign." "Does she love me?" I have not even told her that I love her. "Who is she?" The daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair. A lover's rhapsody, if you will, but true. Look at her. She has bronze-gold hair that gleams and glows, tawny eyes that are as soft as night, features that are perfect, and over all an air of reserve, of sadness, that to me is more attractive even than her beauty. A thing made up of sunshine, and yet like one "serenely wandering in a trance of sober thought." "Where did I find her?" Here in these blue hills. Her father is a mysterious waif from civilization; whether blown hither by fair or adverse winds nobody knows, and nobody asks. It is enough that he has a beautiful place, upon which he has been lavish of taste and money. This makes him the *grand seigneur* of this mountain country. His interests in life seem to have narrowed down to his daughter and his vineyards. I do not believe that the hills of Italy produce more beautiful grapes than those grown under the mild skies of these Georgia mountains. But to return to the Englehart. The wife is an invalid and is seldom seen. The only other member of the household is an old aunt, a cut and dried specimen of the old school, who wears stiff silk skirts and spotless caps, and bestows all of her affection upon Placid. Did you ever hear a more beautiful name, Placid Englehart? This is the name of the lady of my love. "What am I doing here?" Painting my lady's picture. If I only dared to paint her as I saw her first I know it would be *the picture*. I am paint-

ing her in some soft, old stuff that belonged to her grandmother. How I love the lines that grow into her image. When I finish it I shall know my fate. As Will Shakespeare puts it, "I'll stake all upon a single die, to win or lose." Wish me luck, my friend.

Your unhappy, happy friend,

JACK.

Upon the mountains the wind sang joyfully, the trees waved green banners of loveliness, and the sun was sinking in crimson splendor, the very air pulsed beauty; the low twanging of a banjo came and went, the sad, half-mournful cadences rising and falling with rhythmic regularity. Presently a low, rich baritone trolled over the pleading words of an old Scotch song:

"Oh! ye sall walk in silk attire, an' siller hae to spare,  
Gin ye'll consent to be my bride; ithers can na mair."

Low and sweet, the song of the singer gave the twilight voice.

"Miss Placid," he said, interrupting himself, "would the siller count with you?"

She was lying in a hammock, with a crimson shawl thrown over her feet, listening to Erskin as he sang. She raised herself to answer quickly:

"No. I dare say that I am oversentimental, but love only would count with me. How is it the song goes?"

"Ah! who would wear a silken gown  
With puir, sad, broken heart?"

he sang softly.

"What if one has the puir sad, broken heart, and is without the siller, too?"

He spoke with so much feeling that Placid looked at him interrogatively.

"I would sing that song to the woman I love, but I have no siller to spare, nothing to offer her but myself and my few poor talents," he got up and walked restlessly to the other end of the piazza and came back.

"Take heart of grace," said Placid, "she may prize just what you have to give more than all the siller of the song—"

"Do you think so?" he cried, joyously.

"You can but ask her," answered the girl.

"I will some day," he said.

"Tell me about her, this woman you love," said Placid, softly.

"Not now," he answered. "Some day I'll show you her picture; but now I can not talk about her."

After a little silence he said, abruptly:

"Do you expect to live here always?"

"Always," she answered briefly and conclusively.

The next morning he started off upon one of the sketching expeditions for which he stipulated in accepting Mr. Englehart's invitation to stay at Ukulah.

He was gone for three days, and when he came back had little to show in the way of sketches. He looked worn-out, and worked upon the portrait of Placid with feverish energy.

"I shall finish my picture to-morrow," he said one evening to Placid, "and then I must go."

They were standing on the piazza, watching the white mist that lay over the valley like a downy covering, the moon had broken through a cloud that curled and wrinkled about her and was touching the white fog into weird, mysterious beauty.

It was the breaking up of a spell of dreary weather; for days the village had been lost to sight, a mist, dun, gray, and impenetrable, had crept down the mountain-side and enveloped it, the view was shut out, and the house on the mountain seemed to float in vapor. Shut in from all the world, without interruption, the young artist had progressed with his picture beyond his hopes.

Never had work been so pleasing to him, the days passed almost magically. The crackle and glow of the huge wood-fires, kept burning all the time, seemed to warm Placid out of all her reserve, and as for Erskin he literally expanded; he raked up quaint stories from his past history that had about them the piquant flavoring of Bohemianism; he sang negro ditties learned from the rice-field hands on the Southern coast; he talked spiritualism with Mrs. Peyton, and planned numberless household decorations with Mr. Englehart.

What wonder that Placid should have said regretfully when he spoke of going:

"We shall miss you. I am sorry that the picture will be finished so soon."

When he said good-night he held her hand a moment in a close, warm grasp, and his eyes were full of an unspoken tenderness.

True to his word, he finished the picture next day. Mr. Englehart was quite delighted, and Mrs. Peyton said that the flesh tints were almost equal to Huntington's.

"Will you not bring your mother to see it?" he asked Placid, as they stood around the easel.

"Not now," she said, hurriedly; "I will bring her later."

Just before the twilight set in Erskin found himself alone with Placid in the room where the picture stood. She was filling a vase with great yellow daisies and leaves burned yellow and red by the sunshine.

"I told you one night that I would show you the picture of the woman I love," he said, addressing her abruptly. "Will you turn round?"

He took her hands and drew her gently toward the picture. She shook off his touch with some resentment, then his meaning dawned upon her. A dazed bewilderment overspread her face, an unconscious yearning looked out of her eyes. She put out her hands and cried pitiouly:

"Not that! Tell me that you surely do not mean it."

"But I do mean it," he cried passionately. "I love you. I should not have told you so, perhaps, if you had not told me to take courage. I am not worthy of you, and I am poor, but I love you."

His voice was hoarse with the pleading of the last few words.

"But you must not. You must not!" cried Placid, sharply.

"Why not?" he said, fiercely. "By your own confession siller would not count, and I will work for you. I will make myself worthy of you. I will make you happy."

"Oh! hush, I pray you," she said, entreatingly.

"My love speaks, not I," he answered.

"It will be silent, then," she said, with effort, "if it meets with no response. I do not love you!"

She stood like a criminal, with her pretty head bowed upon her breast. After a moment she looked up.

"Go away," she said, softly, "and forget me."

"I can not forget you," he said. "I am a better man that I have known and loved you. If my life bears good fruit, it will be because of you. Dear heart, must I go?"

She bowed her head meekly, and he left the room. She did not see him again.

As he was leaving, next day, he looked back to wave an adieu to the group that had gathered to watch him out of sight. On the lower terrace, Mrs. Englehart, a silhouette against the rocks, looked up from planting ferns and shook her handkerchief at him. Somehow the picture lingered in his mind.

"It is all over," he wrote Mrs. Romain. "The smash-up has come. I've staked all and lost. And yet I can not believe that she does not love me. My

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own love is so great, surely she must give me something in return. I suppose I ought to go away from here. It is not heroic to linger about the place of a defeat. But somehow it comforts me to breathe the same air that she does, and to catch an occasional glimpse of her. When I recover my senses I'll write you again, but not before. I will not weary you with my love-sick misery. JACK."

When he left the Engleharts it was with the avowed intention of going over to the Nantihali, but he got no further than the Tennessee Valley. There he staid for three weeks, tramping from "whip-will ter whip-will," as his host expressed it, filling his sketch-book, and trying by dint of hard work and an exhausted body to still the sadness and restless longing of his heart.

One morning, after an unusually long tramp, he felt too languid to get up, and when Miss Linchy, old Zachary's antiquated daughter, brought him his breakfast, she divined at once that he had the fever.

"It's been a perfe' epidemic this side o' the mounting all this month," she said. "You uns 'ill jist have ter lie still and be took care of. Typhoid ain't ter be fooled with."

She straightened the cover, and pulled back the cotton curtains from the narrow window.

"It's a smart chance o' luck that the doctor boards here, now ain't it?" she asked, as she deftly gathered up the untouched breakfast and left the room.

The Dodger carried the news of Erskin's illness to Ukulah. He had been sent to the little mill on the valley road to have corn ground, and there had met Miss Linchy.

"He's powerful sick, Miss Placid," he said. "Miss Linchy told me herself, an' he's plum outten his head; an' he keeps a askin' for you uns."

"We'll go and bring him over here at once," said Mr. Englehart, when Placid went to him with the news that the Dodger had brought.

But when they drove over to the little frame house, where he was staying, they found him so comfortable and so kindly cared for that it was thought expedient that he should remain where he was. The doctor was on the spot, and Miss Linchy was the kindest and most thoughtful of nurses. Placid and her father drove over every day to make inquiries, and as his illness became protracted, she and Mrs. Peyton took turns in relieving Miss Linchy of the day nursing, in order that the faithful and indefatigable little mountain woman might snatch the rest of which she stood so sadly in need.



Hour after hour Placid would sit listening to his labored breathing, her gaze wandering off to the sharply-outlined "Gap," with its foreground of waving corn-fields and the vague, misty billows that were the mountains beyond.

Within all was hushed. The low ceiling upholstered in cheese-cloth, the walls covered with newspaper cuts, the tall, unpainted mantel-shelf, the little square of glass, the shelf, with its tin basin, water-bucket, and convenient dipper, the rough table with its array of bottles and glasses, the splint-bottomed chairs, brown with age and use, the white cotton-curtain, blowing idly in and out, impressed themselves upon her indelibly. Sometimes he would stir uneasily, mutter brokenly, then she was at his side, holding cooling drink to his parched lips. Again a ray of consciousness would make him turn upon her eyes full of grateful recognition. It was in one of these lucid moments that he put out his hand to her and said, with quiet confidence, "You do love me?" and she answered, "Yes." He closed his eyes like a tired child and slept.

From that day on he mended so rapidly that it was almost incredible.

Placid's vigils ceased, and in her stead Mr. Englehart came and took him for short drives. The bracing wind and the gentle exercise soon brought the color to his pale cheeks. When he was able it was understood that he should go back to the house on the mountain.

One afternoon a great longing came over him to see Placid, and, in spite of Miss Linchy's vehement protest, he hired a horse and started for the mountain.

He found her in the library alone. A little fire crackled on the hearth, and reflected itself in the bright fender, upon which she rested one slender foot. His entrance startled her. She cried out, "You!" and started forward, impulsively, to meet him, then paused half way. He paused, too, and held out his arms.

"Yes, I!" he cried. "Dear heart," impatiently, "I am waiting for you."

But she did not stir, only looked at him with sad, wild eyes.

"What does this mean?" he asked sternly. "One day you tell me you love me; when we meet again you shrink from me."

"It means this," she said, solemnly: "That I do love you, but that my love for you and yours for me means nothing but misery. When you were ill and they thought that you would die, I was reckless and spared neither you nor

myself. Now it is different; you must go your way, and, if possible, forgive me."

"You have cheated me with a fool's dream," he cried, fiercely. "You do not love me."

"Think so," she said, wearily; "it is better that you should."

"But why?" he questioned; "there must be some reason. Why is it that you treat me so?"

"I can not tell you, I must not tell you," she answered.

"I will know; it is my right!" he cried. "If you will not tell me, I will ask him," pointing to the figure of her father as he stood on the piazza looking down the valley.

"No! no! you must not," cried the girl. "I will tell you myself—any thing to spare him," she added softly, under her breath.

She took his arm and led him to the bay-window that commanded the mountains.

"Look down on the terrace," she said.

He saw Mrs. Englehart planting ferns; the attitude, he remembers, it was as he had seen her last; a slight figure, clad in black, bending over the mass of feathery green. He looked at Placid.

"My mother is mad," she said, with an effort, "melancholy mad with a passion for ferns."

He understood now. It all came back to him, the vagueness of Mrs. Englehart's answers when he had met her about the house, her seclusion. The air of sadness about the girl he loved was explained, a great shadow rested upon her.

"My darling," he cried in infinite pity, "come to me! This shall not part you and me!"

But she drew back when he would have put his arms around her.

"Do not make it harder for me to bear," she pleaded.

With sudden resolve she came forward and put her arms about his neck.

"Kiss me just once, and go," she said.

He kissed her reverently; he knew that it was useless to plead further with her, she had thrown her woman's will upon the side of right and duty.

Mr. Englehart pressed him to stay when he came out on the piazza, but he plead a borrowed horse and rode away.

"Come back to-morrow," called after him the old gentleman. He looked back to make response, and between him and the house, the black-robed figure of Mrs. Englehart was outlined against the rocks. He would carry that picture with him until he died.



Some two years later, a gentleman and lady stood beneath a picture in the Academy of Design—it was the notable picture of the exhibition.

Against a background of somber rocks was outlined the figure of a woman, a wilderness of ferns sprang up about her feet; the face was beautiful beyond description, but there was a vagueness about the expression, and the smile upon the perfect lips was the smile of a vacant

mind. One perfect hand toyed lovingly with the delicate fronds of a fern.

A look of startled recognition passed over the upturned faces of father and daughter.

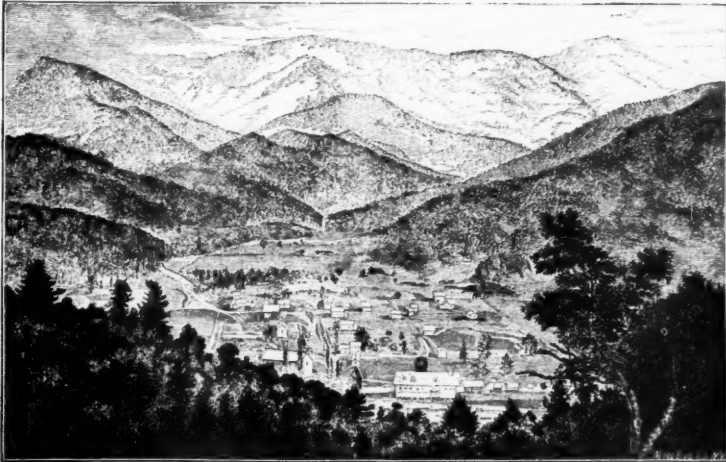
"How could he do it!" was the bitter cry that went up from Placid's heart as she and her father turned away in silence.

Mrs. Romain was gratified, for Erskin had painted a great picture, but he had paid the price.

*L. T. Cunningham.*

## SOUTHERN SUMMER RESORTS.

### FIRST PAPER.



VIEW OF ROANE MOUNTAINS, NORTH CAROLINA.

#### CLOUDLAND AND WHITE CLIFF SPRINGS.

THERE is poetry in power as well as in beauty, and the Ruskinites who bewail the prosaic tendencies of this age of steam and iron seem to base their inferences on rather one-sided premises. In a country like England railways may have deprived the sylvan deities of their few remaining retreats, by making every corner of the little island as "grievously accessible" as the coal-pits of Newcastle; but on a vast continent like ours they have charmingly helped to break the still more grievous monotony of interminable distances. A hundred years ago the first set-

tlers of our gulf-coast may often have cast wistful glances to the North, that sent them the greetings of the far-off Alleghanies in breezes "sweetly tormenting them with invitations to their own inaccessible home." By the extant methods of locomotion they could not hope to reach the mouth of the Tennessee River in less than a fortnight, nor its source in the highlands in less than a month, and many a refugee from the perils of the coast climate must have wished that some miracle or other would shorten the tedious pilgrimage by a week or two.

Steam has accomplished that miracle. Travelers taking the cars at New Orleans can reach the mountain-gates of Chattanooga in twenty-

four hours, pass the thousand hills of the Tennessee Valley in a single night, reach Roane Mountain station soon afternoon, and eat their supper at the Cloudland House, on the summit of the Appalachian mountain system. Comfortable hacks meet passengers at the Roane Mountain depot, and make the up-hill trip of twelve miles in less than three hours, closely followed by a luggage omnibus for the safe conveyance of the travelers' trunks, hunting outfits, and other appurtenances—with one exception. The stage company can not undertake to deliver an unbroken case of hay-fever. Climatic diseases decline to accompany their proprietors to the top of the mountain. I have often wondered why in the name of common sense such cities as New Orleans and Vera Cruz do not construct ice-cooled hospitals for the cure of their fever patients, for there seems not the slightest doubt that a low temperature is both the safest and the most infallible febrifuge. But swamp doctors stick to their quinine; the ideal ice-sanitarium has failed to materialize, and the best fever patients can do under the circumstances is to start at once for the mountains. Their relief can be guaranteed if they go high enough. Near Wartburg, Tennessee, some twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, I have seen the mercury at ninety-two degrees in the shade, and with the aid of an ill-ventilated boarding-house a first-class ague might at that elevation be kept in working order for a couple of months. Even at greater altitudes a good deal depends on luck, the caprices of winds and seasons, which may in one summer keep the temperature a dozen degrees below the maximum of the preceding year. But the proprietors of Cloudland Hotel have left chance no option in the matter. The last doubt is left behind at Laurel Gap, which is some four thousand feet above the valley of the Tennessee, and travelers need not take their quinine boxes any further, for the plateau here, crowned by the buildings of Cloudland, is more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. Clingman's altimetical tables make the highest point of the Roane Mountain 6,470 feet. Subsequent surveys have reduced that estimate by about one per cent, but there is no doubt that 6,400 feet can be considered a safe minimum, and one viewing the sunset from the piazza of Cloudland Hotel stands 4,200 feet above the highest cliffs of Lookout Mountain, 4,400 above the Catskill House, 1,200 above the Court-house Square, of Denver, Colorado, 5,400 above the old Capitol Hill, of Knoxville, Ten-

nessee, and 200 feet even above the summit of Mount Washington. And yet the basis of that supramundane hostelry is not a jagged cliff, swept by "blood-freezing highland storms in fitful fury," but a broad, sunny plateau, connecting with a number of nearly equally broad-backed ridges. It is worth while following one of those high-level roads in the direction of the Grandfather group. It feels like promenading on the roof of a continent. The view is panoramic and unobstructed. Mountain systems, screening their secrets from the eyes of the lowlands, stand revealed in all their topographical details; lofty peaks dwindle to candidates for second-prize honors, rivers turn to river systems, the "silvery lines of our favorite stream" becoming a net-work of such lines. The view to the west presents a map, rather than a picture, of the Tennessee lowlands. On clear days the panorama includes a hundred mountain peaks, all sadly dwarfed by the bird's-eye view, but still serving as land-marks to attest the marvelous fact that the prospect from Cloudland extends into *seven* different States.

The hotel itself, with its triple stories and broad verandas, presents an imposing front. Fever patients in quest of highland air, dyspeptics in quest of highland water and exercise, sight-seers, naturalists, sportsmen, and novelty-hunters have all enjoyed this summit of the East American Highlands. On the promenades of the sunny plateau invalids fraternize with athletes, clergymen with worshippers of nature, "Rebel Comfort" smoking mountaineers from the neighboring coves with perfumed exquisites from Boston and Baltimore. Sidney Smith's prediction has again been verified, that "Cribbage shall be played in caverns and ten-penny whist in the howling wilderness." Many tourists arrange excursions back to Johnson City in order to re-enjoy the trip through the romantic Doe River Valley, a perfect cañon, that has been described as the "wildest, steepest, and most picturesque gorge in the world," with a certain redundancy of superlatives, though there is no reason to doubt that it is the wildest glen ever tamed by the skill of railway engineering. The cañon is nearly four miles long and from twelve to sixteen hundred feet deep.

In some places the way ahead looks so completely barred by massive cliffs that it seems a marvel how the water could ever force its way to the valley. But the iron horse, too, has found that way, though only through a series of tun-

nels and viaducts, now nearly a hundred feet above the surface of the main stream, now almost touching the spray of a cascade bringing down the drainage of some lateral valley. From the average North American business railway, the Cranberry narrow-gauge differs about as much as an Alpine bridle-path from the tow-path of a Dutch canal.

But tourists still oftener start in the opposite direction, where the rivals of the Roane Mountain groups rear their heads above the clouds. Across gaps of moderate depth, joining ridges lead like natural viaducts from peak to peak, and one of these ridges connects the lower level of the Roane plateau with the Yellow Mountains, and hence with the midway slopes of the culminating group, the Black Mountains, where the apex of the Appalachians soars to a height of six thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea. Guides can be procured to any accessible point, and it is a curious fact that ladies and non-scientific tourists seem to enjoy themselves on such excursions quite as much as professors of geology on their treasure-trove days. There is a charm in highland rambles quite distinct from the bravado sense of risk inspired by ocean cruises. Is it the sense of elevation which phrenologists connect with the organ of ideality? Is it the stimulus of the mountain air or the luxury of basking in sunshine unobstructed? A few days before his death, Frederick the Great, having limped out to his balcony to "see the sun once more," was heard to utter, "Perhaps I shall be nearer to thee soon."

The guide, though, is apt to carry the means of inspiration in the form of a pocket-flask. He has learned to value the elevation of his mountains as the medium of various advantages, and faces their cliffs like a man and a Christian; but it is doubtful if in the abstract he views them with any thing but disapprobation. The roots of that antipathy have a hereditary basis. With hardly a single exception the population of Western North Carolina is the purest English stock of our continent, a race descended by Yorkshire Puritans from Slesvick Holstein marsh-dwellers, and inheriting the ancestral love of low lands. The nomenclature of a mountain country indicates, by a pretty reliable test, if the romance of the scene is in harmony with the instincts of the inhabitants. Witness such names as the Blümlis, the Col d'Argent, or Tengris Khan (the Specter Prince) compared with Jenkinson's

Bald and the Chunky Girl Knobs, at the sources of the Little Tennessee, and similar names not easy to redeem by any grandeur of scenery. But the magic of association has overcome that difficulty, and the poets of our North Carolina mountain resorts apostrophize the genius of the Great Hogback Mountain as Percy Shelley invoked the spirit of Mount Atlas.

"*Wer Vicles bringt, wird Manchem etwas bringen;*" but if merits so manifold admit of any specialized appreciation, I recommend the Cloudland House for a yearly rendezvous of American naturalists. If the baldheaded eagle should cross the Rio Grande, we will change our venue to the Highlands of Oaxaca, but in the meantime the fittest place would be the Roane Mountain plateau, and the fittest time the month of July, when the rhododendrons and azaleas are still in full bloom and the mountain butterflies in the prime of their beauty. The botanists might discuss the origin of certain plants (the lily of the valley, for instance) that are found both in Northern Europe and in the mountain regions of the Southern Alleghanies, but nowhere in the higher latitudes of our own continent, while the geological committee might try to explain the fact that a hundred square miles in the central chain of the Appalachians contain about four times as many different minerals as any equal area in the Rocky Mountains or South American Sierras. Zoologists could arrange experiments in acclimatization. There is no reason why the chamois, the great black cock, and the roe should not thrive in our highland forests. The beautiful red squirrel of Western Europe would luxuriate in our hickory woods, the English finch, the black-thrush (*Turdus merula*), and the heather-lark could be induced to enrich the repertoire of our mocking-bird, and we might even succeed in acclimatizing the hardier varieties of the Alpine nightingale. Physiologists might appoint a committee to investigate a problem which a learned friend of mine commends to their attention, viz., the moral tendency of mountain air in its influence on the organ of disinterestedness. The researches of competent scholars have revealed the remarkable fact that certain philanthropists of the "wildcat counties" sell whisky at fifteen cents a quart, with financial results which only motives of the purest benevolence can induce them to disregard, since the Government tax alone is said to amount to seventy-five cents a gallon.

## WHITE CLIFF SPRINGS.

That observing traveler, Lady Mary Montague, records the remark that "Scenery hunters should not waste their time on Mount Blanc any more than on Russian steppes, but look about in the regions where lowlands and highlands join." She writes from the Southern Balkans, where, even a hundred years ago, vegetation contributed but little to the charm of the landscape; but her verdict is not less strikingly confirmed on many a foot-hill range of our Southern Alleghanies. If we had to match some mountain prospect of our own continent against the famous panoramas of the Alps, I should not invite the committee of connoisseurs to the top of Mount Shasta, nor to the summit of the Black Mountains, but to White Cliff Springs, on a promontory of the Chilhowees, a Tennessee foot-hill chain of rather moderate elevation. For nearly a hundred miles that chain runs parallel to the main range of the Western Alleghanies till the "Great Smokies" make a sharp bend to the east, thus concentrating their drainage in a stream of sufficient force to break the barrier of the foot-hills. In the summit cliffs, overlooking the southwestern escarpment of that gap, stands the hotel, accessible from the foot of the ridge by a well-graded road of hardly two English miles. I have crossed the Swiss Alps and the Mexican Sierras in all directions, and I venture the assertion that among the prospect points of their grandest scenery, the promontory of the lowly Chilhowees has but a single rival, the plateau of the Riffelberg, near Zermatt, in the Canton of Wallis, where the panorama of the Southern highlands range from the precipice of the Gornergrat to the seven summits of Monte Rosa and the airy peaks of the Lepontine Alps.

If the structure of the entire mountain system of Tennessee and Western North Carolina had been contrived for the special purpose of contributing to the charms of a single view, the effect could not be more striking. The chief characteristic of the Appalachians is the softness of their general outline, the long-stretched unbroken ridges of their principal chains. But to the spectator, from the piazza of the Cliff House, the summits of some thirty different mountain groups seem to culminate in peaks; by some unexplained, and probably unparalleled coincidence, the sharper profiles of some hundred different escarpments north, east, and southeast, appearing to face toward

a common center. And the marvels of that prospect are offset by the effects of contrast. Looking in the opposite direction the outline of Walden's Ridge and Sand Mountain, the southern branches of the Cumberlands can be traced for hundreds of miles, looming like an unbroken Cyclopean wall through the mists of the western horizon. In the interspace the terrace lands of the Tennessee Valley rise from the shores of the great river that winds its glittering bends from the hills of Loudon to the defiles of the Chattanooga mountain walls. Nearer by the Hiwassee foams in the gorges of the Southern Chilhowees, where here and there the blue summits of its birthland gleam through a mountain-gap like memories of childhood through the gates of the past. The impressions of the scene change with the shadows of every floating cloud, blending mountain ranges with the haze of the sky, or darting sunbeams revealing the glitter of a distant waterfall. The prospect from a supreme summit like Mount Mitchell may be more extensive, but the bird's-eye view flattens the landscape, and for sight-seeing purposes one might as well try to study the architecture of a palace by straddling the roof-ridge.

And while the ascent of the Riffelberg can be achieved only by trained mountaineers, the plateau of White Cliff Springs may be reached by easy stages from half a dozen stations of the East Tennessee Railroad. Travelers generally leave the cars at the depot of Athens, the county seat of McMinn County, where passengers arriving by late trains can pass the night at the Bridges House. The road to the Springs leads through the "knobs," a strange aggregation of rounded hillocks, some four hundred of them, all of the same shape and nearly exactly the same height, about three hundred and fifty feet above the valley of the Conasauga. After crossing that stream the up-grades become gradually steeper, and at the foot of the mountains proper the traveler stands already some one thousand four hundred feet above the level of the Tennessee at Chattanooga. Half way up hill, at Weyer's Bend, the marvel of the eastern panorama bursts suddenly in view, but the road winds back to a point where a mineral spring has been housed in a little pavilion, often visited by health-seekers of the lowlands. But the hotel itself is still several hundred feet higher, and the traveler emerging from the shade of the mountain glens into the sunshine of the open plateau may be surprised at finding that change

to involve a *decrease* of temperature. At White Cliff Springs the summers are indeed considerably cooler than those of many a famed health resort, not only of the higher latitudes, but of a greater elevation under the same parallel, the latter paradox being explained by the narrowness of the plateau, tapering to a promontory of hardly eighty feet across, and the consequent exposed situation of the hotel. The mean annual temperature is a little less than 52°F. In 1875 the mercury only once reached 78°, and during the subsequent decade it has never risen above 82°, while in Montreal, Canada, 98°, and even 100° is nothing abnormal. Summer visitors run, therefore, no thermal risks, and the only break in the series of atmospheric holidays is an occasional mountain rain, generally exceeding the duration of the valley showers by eight or ten hours.

But the architect of the hotel has planned its structure with allowance for that very kind of emergencies; galleries above galleries front the long row of rooms on all sides, the aggregate of the entire building thus affording not less than one thousand three hundred feet of roofed, open-air promenades. There is a large ball-room in the basement, and bowling-alleys, billiard-table, and reading-rooms make it easy enough to while away the leisure of a few indoor days. A telegraph line connects the plateau with the wires of the Western Union, and letters or express packages can be sent directly from the hotel office. There are bath-houses and livery-stables, and a number of sequestered cottages for those who prefer privacy of domestic comfort.

There are in the immediate neighborhood of the hotel not less than three different kinds of mineral springs, but the great specific of the health resort is its bracing atmosphere. For eight months in the year the air is neither too warm nor too cold to be decidedly pleasant, and the plateau is just high enough to be above the dew-point. On mornings when the grass of the lower slopes looked as wet as after a heavy shower, I have found the herbage of the plateau as dry as an Alpine pasture on a sunny September day. Gnats do not thrive on such pastures, and as a refuge from the insect plague of the lower latitudes White Cliff Springs ranks with the parks of the Colorado Sierras. That inviting cleanliness of soil and vegetation is, indeed, a distinctive charm of our Southern highland forests. The woodlands of Canada, Western New York, New England, and even of Pennsylvania, are as luxuriant as ours, but

low and high, summer and winter, they are festering in a grievous excess of moisture. Ascend the fine highlands north of Collingwood, on Georgian Bay: ferns, rank grass, boggy soil, mildew, and swarms of mosquitoes. Try the Adirondacs, the forest hills of the Upper Susquehanna, the Jersey picnic groves, the uplands of Maine, the mountains feeding the twin sources of the Ohio: damp ferns, boggy soil, and omnipresent mosquitoes. The grievance begins to mend in the Cumberlands of Eastern Kentucky, but only south of the thirty-seventh parallel do the woodlands get a decided claim to the praise of a "park-like appearance," open glades, without ferns or tangle of underbrush, dry gravel, natural lawns of short, dry grass, butterflies superseding gnats and gadflies, aromatic herbs and huckleberries instead of festering reeds.

In the winter of 1879, Surgeon Rengger, of the United States Army, found a dying Indian in the sand-hills of the Upper Red River, and desired his attendants to cover him with a saddle-blanket and turn his face to the evening sun. "Thanks, Señor, I am a hunter and feel no cold," said the old Cherokee, "but let me look to the east; on clear evenings, I sometimes think I might get a glimpse of the Alleghanies." That hunter had probably passed his youth in the forests of the Chilhowees. From no other region of their lost Eden the poor exiles parted with heavier hearts. I know an old farmer who remembers the parting scene at the rendezvous of Cleveland, Tennessee, where old squaws kissed the dusty earth a sobbing farewell, while their sons sustained their stoicism only by a rivalry of blasphemies and cynical jokes. The Chilhowees, or deer-hills, as they called their favorite hunting-grounds, still preserve their memory in manifold relics, stone axes, scraping knives, and arrow heads of all shapes and sizes, which the explorers of the plateau continue to find, year after year, especially on the southwestern ranges, where the Chilhowees unite with the spurs of the Unakas.

The table-lands abound with points of scenic interest; Bullet Creek Falls can vie with the charms of Minnehaha; "White Cliff" and "Black Cliff" command a complete panorama of the eastern highlands, and the plateau has a Stonehenge of its own, the "City of Rocks," where a number of curious, obelisk-like boulders stand erect among the forest trees. Geologists may visit the cliffs of "North Point" and ponder on the eons dividing our present

age from the time when the Chilhowees and the Southern Cumberlands (Walden's Ridge) formed a single plateau, now intersected by the vast trough of the Tennessee Valley. For athwart a distance of forty-five miles the prospect from the cliffs of the Chilhowees reveals a parallel range, an Anti-Taurus, copying its Taurus in all its bends and salient points, maintaining the same general direction and the same average height, the same even plateau and the same geological formations. Barring the greater marvel of an accidental analogy, the only explanation would be Dean Kirchner's theory that rivers have made their own valleys, and that here, in the course of ages, the former contents of that vast trough have actually been transported from the slopes of the Unakas to the delta of the Mississippi. Sportsmen can visit the fishing grounds of the Tellico, or the mountain labyrinth at the head of that stream, an unbroken wilderness of some sixty square miles of rocks, spruce pines, and laurel thickets, still harboring a variety of carnivorous tenants. Amateur trappers may pursue their sport on the Hiawasee, where beaver skins still form a regular article of export. At Hia-

wassee Gap, some fourteen miles southwest of the springs, the lover of the romantic can find a precipice that would have put the pluck of Sam Patch to a steep test; a sheer mountain-wall of fourteen hundred feet overlooking, and frequently overhanging, the waters of an eddying river forcing its way through the last mountain barrier of its lower valley. In the summit cliffs of that precipice there is a cavern which an Indian tradition makes the scene of a bloody vendetta, the massacre of an entire tribe, which, for some reason or other, had been outlawed by its neighbors and sought refuge in the rocky fastnesses of the Stars Mountains. The cave now harbors only bats, which frequently leave their dormitory before dark and cruise up and down the shadows of the deep river gorge. Excursion parties may visit the still wilder gorge of the Ocoee River, some seven miles further south, or the "Land of the Sky," the blue highlands bordering the eastern horizon for hundreds of miles.

The season at White Cliff Springs opens on the 1st of June, and travelers leaving Louisville at 6 o'clock P.M. can reach the hotel before sunset of the following day.

*Felix L. Oswald.*

## FROM THE SUMMIT OF CHILHOWEE.

Wide ranging o'er a thousand heights that rise,  
Green-shadowing a thousand hidden dells,  
The untrammelled vision leaps afar, where dwells  
The mightiest range of all whereon the skies  
Lean in imperial blue, and distance dies  
Exhausted on a cloud-capped bed and tells  
The dazed, enfeebled eye, "Pass thou not here."  
Blue-hazed, rock-scarred, the pillar and the bier  
Of sight, emotion, and the wider sweep  
Of inspiration and of faith, they lower,  
Shouldering the heavens while the centuries creep  
Clamoring beneath their silence and their power.  
Hearing, through space, the changeless ocean's scorn—  
Like theirs, though all unvoiced—of all things born.

*William Perry Brown.*



## COMMENT AND CRITICISM.

### Mr. Davis at Montgomery.

From time immemorial those who have led bloody revolutions that have failed have either paid the forfeit by a speedy death, usually violent, or have prolonged life in some slavish condition through a few years of disgrace and wretchedness.

It has been reserved for our American Union to permit the acknowledged leader of the greatest of all "lost causes" to survive its failure for nearly a quarter of a century and to be highly honored by at least the masses of his own section. Let this ever be remembered as one of the crowning achievements of American liberty and American civilization.

How changed is the Montgomery of to-day from the Montgomery of a quarter of a century ago, when, under the leadership of William L. Yancy, Ben Hill, Robert Toombs, Henry A. Wise, and other less fiery, but not less determined leaders, the Confederacy, doomed to a brief but brilliant career of four years, here found its cradle in February, 1861. Then Montgomery was a quiet and rather unprogressive Southern town of the olden, *ante-bellum* type, with a population of 10,000, the capital of a State whose population was less than a million, and nearly half of these slaves; now it is a stirring, modernized, enterprising, excitable, and beautiful city of the "New South." It has its new city hall and post-office, its handsome public fountains, its electric lights, its long lines of street-cars, including an electric railway, with a wide-awake population of 25,000, the capital of a Southern commonwealth that yields to none in true fealty to our Union of States, and is now a mining and manufacturing, as well as an agricultural State, of more than a million and a half of freemen.

Its people recently decided to erect, a few yards north of the State Capitol, on the high ridge overlooking the business streets, a monument of Alabama marble, eighty feet high, costing \$50,000, in honor of their Confederate dead.

The right to erect such monuments to all the brave men who, in our late civil strife, sacrificed their lives for a cause they honestly deemed just, is conceded by all right-thinking people, even to the vanquished.

Citizens of the North and West raise monuments in memory of their braves who fought for the Union cause. Why should not citizens of the South, animated by the same reverence and gratitude for the dead heroes of a "lost cause," commemorate likewise their self-sacrificing soldiers? We can all alike do this mere justice to our dead, and to the dead past and its lessons, and yet all alike be true in our fealty to our General Government.

The gathering in Montgomery on the 28th and 29th of April, twenty-one years after Lee's surrender, was planned merely to aid in raising funds to build the projected monument.

To attract a crowd to the laying of the corner-stone of this monument—that their contributions might add to the fund—two of the South's most prominent survivors, the Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and General John B. Gordon, of Georgia, were invited to attend the ceremonies. The presence of these leaders drew large numbers of surviving soldiers from Alabama and adjoining States, some even from Florida and Virginia, to witness the ceremonies, and to

once more shake hands with men whom they and their children have learned to honor.

The ovation in its various scenes was an ovation to both Mr. Davis and General Gordon; but to ex-President Davis especially, as the one who has suffered most for his devotion to his people and the cause they espoused. In all this demonstration I neither saw nor heard a remnant, in word or deed, public or private, of the spirit of secession or of sectional hatred, or of what some of our Northern friends still prefer, in spite of Southern protests, to call "rebellion."

Nothing but most earnest patriotism toward our whole country was evident at any time, except grief and reverence for our honored dead, and enthusiastic admiration and friendship for the two chiefs who have ever been most true to their convictions and faithful to their duties.

The first rays of the morning sun showed the "Stars and Stripes" floating in all their glory from the dome of Alabama's State Capitol, on its grounds some eighty feet above the general level of Montgomery's business streets, an entire elevation of only two hundred and sixty feet above sea-level.

All the city thoroughfares were elaborately decorated with national flags and bunting. All Montgomery was in its gala-dress, presenting, with its fine buildings, a brilliant appearance, not unlike that witnessed when San Francisco gave its ovation, in September, 1879, to General Grant on his return from his tour around the world, when an extemporized "ex-Confederate Legion," as we called it, vied with the comrades of the various Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic in according a hearty welcome to a great and generous soldier.

When the trains bearing Mr. Davis and General Gordon reached Montgomery, Tuesday evening, April 27th, they were welcomed with the booming of one hundred guns. Companies of citizen soldiery—among them "The Grays" and "The Blues," the two prize companies of the Southern States—escorted them to the Exchange Hotel through streets illuminated with Chinese lanterns, bon-fires, and fire-works. A prolonged shout of the people arose along the densely crowded side-walks as the carriages passed with the visitors. True, the stirring strains of Dixie were heard from the bands and an occasional "rebel yell" arose; but how peaceful they were now, merely the memorial cadences and dying echoes of a dead and buried past!

The programme of the ceremonies of the two days was: First, introductory addresses on the 28th by Mr. Davis and General Gordon; second, on the 29th, the Masonic ceremonies, under the Grand Master of Alabama, Gideon Harris, of laying the corner-stone, in which Mr. Davis was to take part; and, third, the same afternoon, the annual decoration of the graves of all soldiers.

The addresses of the 28th were to have been delivered in Clisby's Park, handsomely improved grounds a mile from the city's center, where the immense crowd assembled could be best provided for, but heavy rains during the night and early morning changed the programme on account of the flooded condition of the park, and made it necessary to have the ceremonies on the high and well-drained grounds of the State Capitol.

This led to what was certainly an odd coincidence. Mr. Davis, in delivering his very short address of that day, scarcely occupying five minutes, stood on the porch of the State Capitol, upon the same stone, where he stood February 18, 1861, when inaugurated President of the Confederacy. It was a remarkable historical incident that this man should survive all the shocks of such a conflict, and, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, return to the same spot where a revolutionary commonwealth was created, and there take an active part in erecting a monument at what may be called its tomb.

As the speeches of ex-President Davis and General Gordon have been widely published, it is proposed here only to refer in general to some of their sentiments and to some of the incidents accompanying their delivery.

Mr. Davis is unusually well preserved for a man of seventy-eight years (born June 3, 1808), when we consider the intense trials of mind and body through which he has passed. Except that his hair and beard are now white, and his face is more wrinkled, he looks but little older than he did twenty-five years ago. He then shaved closely, wearing only a small beard under the chin. Now he wears a full beard, which, like his hair, is trimmed closely. In his longer speech of the second day he read his notes. Though they were written in a small hand, he read them without glasses. He has the same erect and soldierly bearing as of old. His voice is strong and sonorous, and he speaks with little or no effort. Dressed in a plain black suit, he had a plain gold chain on his vest, three small, round, gold studs in his shirt bosom, and in his hand carried a light hickory stick, varnished, and with a netted head. On the left lapel of his coat he wore a single white rose-bud.

Mr. Davis bore all the hand-shaking, speaking, and riding without exhaustion apparently. Indeed, some said he appeared in more vigorous health now than when he was inaugurated in Montgomery twenty-five years ago.

His few words the first day were little more than an earnest expression of a gratification most natural at the warm reception accorded him as the chief martyr, or as some of his own people now call him, the "Scape-goat of the Lost Cause."

He declared that the present demonstration of affection exceeded his welcome to Montgomery in 1861. This is no doubt true. Then he was not so well known to his own people. Now he has become an historical character of the first prominence, and none can truthfully deny that Jefferson Davis has borne all his bitter disappointments and extreme trials of the past twenty-five years with the utmost dignity.

He said: "The spirit of Southern liberty is not dead." True; and who would have the spirit of republican liberty die in the hearts of any of our people? He said he now finds the Southern people "wrapped in the mantle of regret." In this, he surely did not mean regret that the Union is restored, as it now is, and in greater strength than ever; but he meant regret at the losses, sacrifices, and sufferings of a conflict that we lament.

In his longer speech of the 29th, most of which was carefully written and read from his notes, he stated expressly, that in all he said and did he was animated by bitterness toward none, but by love and tender memories for his people of the South.

He truly stated for himself and the South, that "we

have no desire to feed the fires of sectional hate, while we do not seek to avoid whatever responsibility attached to the belief in the righteousness of our cause, and the virtue of those who risked their lives to defend it." He protested against naming the gigantic struggle a "rebellion," as in itself a "solecism;" but surely, in all that he uttered, none can justly find a trace of treason, a want of true patriotism, or bitterness toward any of his opponents.

What nobler words than the following, with which he closed? and they were received with loud and prolonged cheering:

"Though the memory of our glorious past must ever be dear to us, duty points to the present and the future. Alabama having resumed her place in the Union, be it yours to fulfill all the obligations devolving upon all good citizens, seeking to restore the general government to its pristine purity, and, as best you may, to promote the welfare and happiness of your common country."

This sketch has sought to give a brief and true account of Mr. Davis' reception by his Southern friends, who gathered to meet him at Montgomery after twenty-one years of thought and discussion on the death and the eternal sleep of the Southern Confederacy. The impressions are those of a Southern soldier who sincerely desires a cordial reconciliation in these days of prosperous peace between all our discordant elements of the past; and of one who, as a resident of California for sixteen years after the war, cheerfully took part, in 1879, with comrades of the "Confederate Legion," and with other comrades of the Grand Army Posts in San Francisco, in a cordial, unsectional, and non-political reception of General Grant.

As Southern soldiers were encouraged with enthusiasm then to take part in that resurrection of good feeling in the welcome to the hero of the Northern armies, so we now trust that our comrades of the Union army, and our Northern people generally, will recognize the right of our Southern soldiers and citizens to welcome, on such occasions, with grateful shouts and tears, our heroes of that bitter but manly struggle, especially when it is known that such gathering and such welcome look only to the decent burial of the past, and have no political significance whatever for the present or the future.

GREENSBORO, ALA.

JAMES W. A. WRIGHT.

### Some Results of "Lilitha."

The opinion expressed to me by the editors of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, some months ago, that my "Lilitha" article would attract some attention, even if it did not succeed in making many converts, appears to be justified rather strongly from day to day. And one of its issues is rather interesting, not to say amusing, and worthy to be ranked among the curiosities of literature. I allude to its calling forth the poem "Leonainie" as another Poe-chrysolite. In the year 1882, both these claimants of illustrious origin were sent to me by a Virginia lady, who knew I had devoted much time to a study of Poe. She wrote me substantially the same story about "Leonainie" which Mr. Edgar Brenner gives in the *Critic* of April 10th, to be quoted presently. I came to the conclusion, after some minute analysis, that "Leonainie" was a humbug, while "Lilitha" was possibly genuine, or, at least, had considerable internal evidence in its favor. The main points of this evidence and

the history of "Lilitha," as far as I had been able to gather it, I presented in a brief article for the *BIVOUAC*.

The New York *Critic* of April 3d called attention to it in the following non-committal, yet candid and courteous manner:

"In the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC for April, Mr. Henry W. Austin attempts to prove Poe's authorship of a poem entitled 'Lilitha, Princess of Ghouls,' which he reprints from 'an obscure Washington paper' in which it appeared seven or eight years ago. It has a certain weirdness, and runs into the ground Poe's familiar trick of repetition; his 'foible of self-plagiarism' is here, too; and Mr. Austin is of the opinion that 'nice ears' will detect in 'Lilitha' that 'unique melodic structure which was the base of Poe's fame as a poet.' It touches, to his thinking, 'the last point between highly volatile poetry and the driving density of a drunkenness not far from insanity,' or 'inherited cerebral epilepsy.' The first stanza—there are eight, not all of the same length—runs in this way:

"The night, it was misty and phantasmagorial,  
For the sun had set ashen as lead—  
Of his beams shorn and ashen as lead;  
And many a shadow of ancient memorial  
Came up from the tombs of the dead—  
Came up on its mission phantasmagorial  
From the tombs of the legended dead."

Then came forth in the next issue of the *Critic* this communication from an appreciative gentleman in New Haven:

To the Editors of the *Critic*:

Mr. H. W. Austin's championship of Edgar Poe as the author of 'Lilitha, Princess of Ghouls,' in the April number of the SOUTHERN BIVOUAC, calls to mind a poem published some years ago by the Kokomo (Indiana) *Dispatch*, which has not received the recognition it deserves, as being almost conclusively from the pen of Poe. It is entitled "Leonainie," and is as follows:

Leonainie, angels named her,  
And they took the light  
Of the laughing stars, and framed her  
In a smile of white;  
And they made her hair of gloomy  
Midnight, and her eyes of bloomy  
Moonshine, and they brought her to me  
In a solemn night.

In a solemn night of summer,  
When my heart of gloom  
Blossomed up to greet the comer  
Like a rose in bloom;  
All forebodings that distressed me  
I forgot as joy caressed me,  
(Lying joy that caught and pressed me  
In the arms of doom!)

Only spake the little spier  
In the angel tongue;  
Yet I, listening, heard her whisper,  
'Songs are only sung  
Here below that they may grieve you—  
Tales are told you to deceive you—  
So must Leonainie leave you  
While her love is young.'

Then God smiled and it was morning,  
Matchless and supreme;  
Heaven's glory seemed adorning  
Earth with its esteem;  
Every heart but mine seemed gifted  
With the voice of prayer, and lifted  
Where my Leonainie drifted  
From me like a dream.

The poem is—or was—in the possession of an inhabitant of Kokomo whose grandfather kept an inn in Chesterfield, a little village near Richmond, Virginia. One night a young man, who showed plainly the marks of dissipation, appeared at the door and requested a room, if one could be given him. He retired, and the inn people saw no more of him; for the following morning when they went to call him to breakfast he had disappeared, leaving only a book, on the fly-leaf of which was the above poem, 'written in Roman characters and almost as legible as print itself.' The manuscript contains not an erasure or a single interlineated word, and is signed 'E.A.P.' The peculiarity of the writing, the description of the young man, and the characteristics of the poem point to Poe as the author. The evidence—external and internal—seems to be more than probable, almost certain.

EDGAR BRENNER.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Whereupon I wrote to the editors of the *Critic* a letter, in which I gave certain reasons why "Leonainie," though far more perfect in metrical form than "Lilitha," seemed to me unlikely, if not impossible, to have been written by Poe. But Mr. Foote, a Poe enthusiast of New York, and a gentleman who happily possesses the means necessary to gratify his elegant literary tastes, obtained a MS. copy of "Leonainie," and even got from such an authority as that fine poet, E. C. Stedman, an almost unqualified opinion of its genuineness.

When I read this expression I was a little "fazed," I admit, but I still held to my original belief about "Leonainie," based on a Poe study of many years; and therefore it was with some pardonable degree of pride that I read the following paragraph, relating to the poem, from the *Chicago News*:

"The poem entitled 'Leonainie' was written by James Whitcomb Riley about ten years ago, when he was employed as local editor of the *Weekly Democrat*, at Anderson, Indiana. At that time Riley was struggling hard for recognition, and because he did not succeed at once he fell into a fit of great disgust, and inveighed bitterly against the public for refusing to recognize good work done by unknown writers. He had the theory that, while good work might go begging so long as its author was obscure, the veriest trash would circulate with *clat* if it appeared over the name of a popular writer. To prove this theory he wrote 'Leonainie' in imitation of Poe, attached Poe's name to it, and printed the verses in the Kokomo *Dispatch*, a neighboring paper. As soon as the poem appeared, Riley, in order to cover up his own tracks, denounced it as a base forgery, declared that Poe never could have written it, etc. At that time the appearance of the poem created a sensation in Indiana, but did not circulate to any considerable extent outside that State.

This unfortunate princess (against whose ghoulish jurisdiction, "rights of search and eminent domain,"

the cremation societies are slowly but surely conspiring) seems to have "kicked up quite a bobbery," if I may quote a slang phrase which Poe was fond of using to describe a thing he was especially fond of doing. And some of the same sort of newspaper critics who abuse Mr. Howells (not that I would compare my slender literary rushlight with his great electric lamp) have pitched into me a little for championing so ragged a poem as "Lilitha," as possibly written by so great a man as Poe. The *Critic*, of New York, to be sure, courteously admits that "Lilitha" has "a certain weirdness" about it, and restates the accumulative points I made in the *Bivouac* about Poe's habits of mannerism and foibles of self-plagiarism. But several Aristarchuses of the daily press have shown themselves neither courteous nor fair. One, for example, finds "Lilitha" absurd, and accuses me of "cruelty to the memory of the author of 'Ulalume'" in trying to fasten it on him. Now, there happens to be a large tribe of Poe-fanatics in this world (I was once almost sachem of this tribe, myself), and their shibboleth is not the "Raven," because that, though fantastic and powerful, is a sensible, sober poem with a *raison d'être*, but "Ulalume." "Ulalume" is their mystic password, admitting one to the innermost *stance* at the Poe chamber of horrors. Now, the fact is, if one will apply to "Ulalume" the same scientific methods of criticism Poe was so fond of applying to others, "Ulalume" will be found twice as absurd as "Lilitha," because, for one reason, it is twice as long. What, with its "sober skies, scoriac rivers, Mount Yaa-neks, alleys Titanic, boreal poles, crescents with duplicate horns, senescent nights, liquescent lusters, sybillic splendors, cheeks where worms never die," and such "hasheesh" hash *ad nauseam*, "Ulalume" is really nothing but an exquisitely musical piece of word-juggling, and its best excuse for being is that it gave Bret Harte a chance to write his delicious parody. Now pray do not take me as sneering at Poe. I admire his prose immensely, and I admire all of his poetry that will stand his own critical methods, but it seems to me, with my Lord Tennyson's leave and poetic license, that Poe is not "America's greatest poet, and all others pigmies beside him."<sup>6</sup> It seems to me that his poetry, like his character, is paradoxical, sensuously musical, but intellectually monotonous.

Such criticism I do not mind, but I do mind having my statements of fact drawn in question or "corrected," even when done as courteously as Colonel Hinton does in the Comment and Criticism department of the *June Bivouac*. I aim to be accurate, though absolute accuracy at all times is beyond human achievement. Of course every man is liable to err, but, when attempting to "correct" another, a minimum of accuracy, even in so slight a matter as dates, is possibly desirable, not to say indispensable. I do not believe Colonel Hinton would intentionally

state what is not true; but when he says that I knew when he received Mr. Kent's article for publication, or that I was "about the *Gazette* office at the time," he perpetrates a very large-sized misstatement, as I can prove. In the year 1882 I was not in Washington City at all, or any where near it. I spent that period in Louisiana and Arkansas, and there are hundreds in Little Rock who will testify that for nine months of 1882 (in which year Colonel Hinton fancies I was in Washington, "anxious to earn some of his paper's income"), I never slept outside of Garland County. The other three months of the year I was in New Orleans all the time, as many friends there will gladly bear witness.

So much for Colonel Hinton's dates. As for his other *data*, let me say a little more, though it may hardly seem necessary after such a rebuttal. Colonel Hinton speaks of printing Mr. Kent's article with "an editorial reservation." Possibly he did; but, in the copy of his *Gazette* sent to me in Arkansas, it was printed under the rather strong, unreserved headline, "*Unpublished Treasure of Poe*!"

In some talks with Colonel Hinton, held in 1881, he told me about his intentions anent Realf, whom I admired; and I understood the Colonel to say, among many other highly interesting things, for he is a "pow'ful fine talker," that he was joint executor with Mr. Kent of Realf's literary effects.

As for the spicy, spidery sarcasms which the gallant Colonel tries to spin about me personally, perhaps they deserve some slight reply. I remember that I was occasionally, though scarce frequently, in Colonel Hinton's office the summer of Garfield's assassination, and Colonel Hinton both spoke and printed warm praises of some of "the flimsy cobwebs of my brain" which that sad event called forth. It is possible that I was "anxious to earn some of his paper's income," though it is hardly probable, since the last payment I received from the *Gazette* just before it passed into Colonel Hinton's hands was a lot of meal-tickets on an up-town cheap restaurant, which had been taken as cash for some advertising. After using two of these and getting simply wretched fare, I was forced to return them to the office, and the then business-manager, Mr. Ball, an exceeding pleasant and kindly gentleman, had hard work to redeem those tickets from me at their face-value.

As I knew the incoming administration of the *Gazette* to be equally poor, it is hardly likely that I, impecunious also, should have manifested any large amount of "anxiety" to work on tick or to earn a share of a moribund paper's non-income. I trust Colonel Hinton will pardon me, if, with the broom of fact, I brush away too harshly "the flimsy cobwebs" which he ascribes to my brain, but which really at present are troubling him. I trust also, most sincerely, that his purse will permit him some time to publish the poems of the brave, ill-starred Realf, but among the fruits of Colonel Hinton's next labors, I hope his dates may be the best—or, at least, better than in his *Bivouac* statement.

HENRY W. AUSTIN.

<sup>6</sup> Tennyson's words, according to Eugene Didier in *Literary Life*.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

IN England Mr. Gladstone's propositions for the government of Ireland have been rejected by the House of Commons, Parliament will be dissolved, and Mr. Gladstone will appeal to the country.

Mr. Gladstone closed the debate on his bill in an appeal of remarkable eloquence and power. The speaker went behind the mere matter contained in the bill, and set forth in a most striking manner the only correct principle of representative government, and one does not have to be an Englishman to appreciate the cogency of the argument for local self-government. Mr. Gladstone put plainly before his auditors, in his historical review, the case of Ireland against England; and, taking this address in connection with his lucid and luminous explanation of his bill, with which the debate opened, one gets a new sense of the intellectual power and political sagacity of Mr. Gladstone. The course of this debate has been followed with the keenest interest every where, but America, especially, has read and pondered the utterances of all the speakers. No debate in Congress has so aroused popular interest as this in Parliament, and the newspapers have reported no other political event so fully. The morning after the debate and the vote the leading newspapers in all the large cities of America gave verbal reports of the speeches of Mr. Parnell and of Mr. Gladstone, and full reports of three or four others. It was a great achievement, and presents in a striking manner the energy and enterprise of the American press; but it does more than this. It shows how complex are the relations of human society; it shows how interdependent are the great nations of the world; it shows how emigration and immigration, how education and religion, how steam and electricity are drawing the nations closer and closer together, how they are breaking down the barriers which have so long separated them, hastening the day when the poets dream of "a parliament of man" will be a living reality. In questions such as this of Ireland, England has to-day to consider not merely local prejudices, but international interests, and her appeal is at last to the judgment of mankind. It is so, not because of the presence in America of a turbulent element of expatriated Ireland, not because the Irish vote here is an important force in politics, but it is because of the intellectual and moral as well as the material progress of the race; because there is an international conscience by which she must be judged. Here is another triumph for the doctrine of Cobden and of Bright, another triumph for the principles of peace as contrasted with those slowly fading superstitions that the hand of each nation must be raised against all other nations, and that all international relations must rest on a war basis, with at best only a temporary armistice. The first victory of these principles was the repeal of the corn laws in England; the second was the settlement of the Alabama claims by arbitration, and the next will be, undoubtedly, the settlement of the Irish difficulty in accordance with the principles announced by Mr. Gladstone.

ONE of the most interesting, as well as unquestionably one of the most valuable historical contributions which has yet been furnished from any source is "The Fight for Missouri," by Colonel Thomas L. Snead. The author resided for years, before the breaking out of the civil war, in St. Louis, and, taking al-

ways an active interest in political questions, was a close and intelligent observer of the development of antagonistic ideas and sentiments, which, even had a postponement of the general sectional conflict been possible, might sooner or later have had expression in Missouri in the prevalence of violence like that which had already convulsed the Kansas border.

He was well acquainted with the public men of Missouri, and himself identified with the Breckinridge wing of the Democratic party, in whose councils he exerted a leading and decided influence at the period of which his book treats; he knew, as thoroughly, perhaps, as any one could, the views and purposes of those who controlled the action of the various political organizations which were struggling for power and seeking to shape the policy of the State. His recital, therefore, of the political events which immediately preceded the inauguration of actual warfare in Missouri may be received with the confidence due the statements of a chronicler at once sincere and well-informed, while he may well be accredited with an accurate knowledge of the military operations to the narration of which the latter half of the volume is devoted, inasmuch as he served for the greater part of the civil war as chief of staff to General Sterling Price.

The importance which Colonel Snead assigns to the action of Missouri, at the inception of the movement which sought consummation in the establishment of the Southern Confederacy, is not exaggerated. When her geographical position and the extent and character of her population and resources are considered, the immense aid the cotton States, already committed to secession and the attempt at separate and independent government, would have received from her prompt declaration in their favor and the employment of the men and material she would have been able to furnish, if launched in a positive and practically unanimous effort to prevent the Federal government from asserting armed authority over the States west of the Mississippi, is apparent. Not only would her own fertile territory and that of Arkansas, in such case, have provided constant and abundant supplies to the Confederate commissariat, and effective reinforcements of hardy and dashing troops—neither needed for defense at home nor discouraged by hostile occupation of their own soil—to the Confederate armies operating in Virginia and Kentucky, but such attitude of Missouri would have crippled and perhaps have rendered altogether abortive offensive movements by the forces of the Union along the line of invasion through Kentucky and Tennessee, subsequently prosecuted so successfully. The rapidity with which the Federal arms were carried to the Tennessee River, after Missouri, no longer suggestive of menace to the flank and rear of the invading columns, had fallen completely into the military grasp of the United States Government, is proof of the valuable service she could have rendered the Confederate cause under more favorable conditions.

And, conceding that he justly attributes to the action of Missouri a decisive influence upon the conduct and event of the great struggle, it must be admitted that he does not overestimate the importance of the possession and control of the city of St.



Louis at the beginning of hostilities, when the first blows—so valuable in war—were about to be struck. It was quite certain that the side which controlled St. Louis would dominate the State. The financial and commercial influence of the city was very great, and felt with especial potency at a time when men were making up their minds upon questions whose settlement involved pecuniary and property interests of such magnitude. But of more moment was the fact that the possession of St. Louis would place at the disposal of those having the city in their power immense and most valuable stores and munitions of all kinds, a large shipping, the control of which was enough of itself to guarantee the complete command of the Upper Mississippi, and, above all, the arsenal, in which were collected many thousand stands of Springfield muskets—the best then manufactured—thirty or forty pieces of field-artillery, and a vast quantity of ammunition. It is not surprising, therefore, that both sides worked with desperate energy to secure these advantages, and that the efforts of both to obtain them resulted finally in armed collision and bloodshed. Colonel Snead tells this part of the story graphically, and invests it with almost romantic interest. He relates how the secessionists planned to seize the arsenal, and the Union men were vigilant to keep it; how the "wide-awakes" and the "minute men" were organized; and how, finally, the triumph of audacious and decisive leadership over daring and determined men, whose efforts were wasted under timid and inefficient direction, culminated in the capture of the State troops at Camp Jackson and the slaughter of unarmed citizens in the streets of St. Louis. His vindication of the conduct of men who, like himself, had been educated to believe that the States were sovereign, and that the citizen's allegiance and duty to the State were paramount, is presented in strong, manly, and sincere utterances; and his exposition of the frequent and yet perfectly honest modifications of public sentiment in that period of intense excitement, when so much depended upon every man's decision, and yet men might conscientiously doubt as to how they should decide, is remarkably clear and interesting.

The military events, which he has described most minutely and vividly, are the siege of Lexington and the battle of Oak Hill, or Wilson's Creek, in which latter Price and McCulloch were completely victorious, and Lyon, the most astute and enterprising representative of the cause of the Union who at any time appeared in Missouri, lost his life. The account of this battle, given in Colonel Snead's book, is the best we have ever seen.

Altogether it is an extremely attractive work, and the success with which the first volume has met should be extremely encouraging to the author in the preparation of the second and concluding one.

THE facility with which swollen and expansive reputations are manufactured nowadays for a certain class of small public men, by another class of small newspaper men, is one of the evils of the period. We are kept in perennial amazement by the discoveries constantly made of great men, where we, who had thought we knew the gentlemen well, could previously recognize only conspicuous examples of well-balanced mediocrity. We see them suddenly elevated upon pedestals hitherto reserved for

real intellectual excellence and accorded the distinction that should be given only to the actual unusual merit or attainment which have heretofore been supposed to mean fame in the forum of statesmanship. Of course this sort of factitious reputation is presently rated at its true value by the expert, and in due course of time every body gets to appreciate it, and consequently to feel more or less contempt for it. It is impossible that the qualities and performances falsely assigned candidates for honors undeserved can permanently aid deception. The spurious can not long pass muster for the true, and every imposture is sooner or later detected. But with the multitude this notoriety, while it continues, is a very good substitute for fame, and is perhaps quite as good for the purposes of the beneficiary as the genuine article.

The evil comes from the latitude allowed small correspondents. Some youth, with no knowledge of public affairs, and with an exaggerated idea of his own importance, is taken upon the staff of a big daily to write up country fairs and, perhaps, run the precinct politics department. By some accident he drifts to Washington, is employed to furnish society notes, which, although in *falsello*, can not do much harm, and it is made his especial business to find out on what particular business all other people may happen to visit Washington.

So far is well enough. He often develops a peculiar aptitude for that sort of work; like a weasel in a hen-house, or a rat in a pantry, he takes to it naturally and does it well. But when such a person is allowed to ventilate his little opinions on really important matters in the columns of a great journal which is supposed to lead or shape public thought, his babble becomes a nuisance. A vast number of very excellent and fairly intelligent people get their opinions and views of public men and public affairs from the leading newspapers of the country. Not only do they seek for information upon such subjects in the columns of the daily press, but they receive as facts many utterances in the special correspondence which are the sheerest and most baseless speculations, or worse. The toadyism of the correspondent has, therefore, ample opportunity to magnify the small talk and petty policies of a maneuvering patron into something of importance, as, exercised in the same way, his malice may and often does villify and injure a superior man. It is safe to say that the whole public opinion of the country is colored, if not molded, by the influence of the press, and that as much or more of falsehood than of truth is injected into the material on which that opinion is formed by the agencies of which we speak. Now, surely, the press is under obligations to the public to do better than this; and when the corrective is so easy, consisting simply in substituting for the simian intellects now employed a class of really intelligent and conscientious young fellows, of which the general staff of the American press can furnish an adequate supply, the failure to apply it is unpardonable.

Complaint has been heard from time to time of the sharp criticisms by the press upon public men. It may be that this practice has been carried too far; but in no case is it as bad, and never so disgusting, as the habit of puffing up inferior merit with unfair and fulsome laudation. Indeed, the credit obtained by virtue of such false representations is generally at the expense of the better men, and is practically a libel in itself.



## SALMAGUNDI.

**Dusky Story Tellers.**—A mild winter night on a plantation in South Georgia, the moonbeams scintillating on the grainy sands of a large white yard, adjacent to which were several negro cabins. The great China trees, whose yellowed leaves had detached themselves and floated desolately away before the moaning fall winds, cast forlorn ethereal shadows. Two large pine-knot fires were burning at some distance apart in the yard, the glare of the leaping, red-glowing flames quite annihilating, immediately around, the soft light from the moon.

Between these two fires a crowd of dusky young women and men were playing a strange sort of game, or perhaps it were better called a dance, for they moved in and out among each other with measured steps, as they uttered in chorus a curiously monotonous chant of these words:

"Cha'm dat rabbit—  
Ah-ho-ho!  
Cha'm dat rabbit—  
Ah-ho-ho!"

This was the burden of their song, and they went on repeating it over and over again a thousand times. What could it mean? The words were absolutely without idea, but the chant—that continuous, measured intoning—seemed full of weird suggestion, like the lonesome dreary sound of the wind through leafless woods in the fall. But, whatever it meant and howsoever it sounded, they appeared to be getting a healthy enjoyment out of it, for every now and then a shout of laughter echoed across the yard.

Evidently it was a festal night—what they called a "festible," perhaps; or it may have been a "quilt-in," and if so, the women were now industriously plying their needles in the cabins, while the young bloods shouted and played in the yard, and the old men sat around one of the fires telling tales as they smoked their pipes and took an occasional dram from a big flask which was passed from hand to hand in a very friendly fashion.

One of this group had been in the woods with torch and dogs the night before, and had had some success, the recital of which provoked some remarkable yarns from old Uncle Jack about 'possum hunting in his younger days, which were eagerly listened to by his companions. As soon as the old man paused, a rival story-teller on the opposite side of the fire, Uncle Tony by name, took up the cue and went on:

"Talkin' 'bout 'possum huntin'," said he, with signs of laughter, "mose allers put me een mine er de tale 'bout dat fool big nigger an' dat cunnin' lil nigger. Dey tell me de big nigger went out one night an' cotch a 'possum, an' after 'e done brung dat 'possum home an' put 'im on de fier fer ter cook 'im, 'e lay down an' drap off ter sleep. An' dey say, while dat big nigger layin' deh sno'in' so dey kin yeh 'im mose 'way out een de fiel', yuh come de lil nigger an' sneaked een deh by de fier bidout makin' no fuss. An' den, sah, drecky wen dat 'possum done dat lil nigger tu'n een an' gobble up de ve'y las' piece, so der wauh none lef'. An' den wut yer reck'n 'e done? Laws-a-mussy! dat lil nigger beat all I ever hearn tell uv! 'E up'n tuck de leavins an' grease de big nigger's hans an' fingers an' all 'roun' 'e mouf, while 'e layin' deh sleep dater way. But bimeby big nigger wake up an' bounce up

off'n dat flo' een a hurry, an' w'en 'e see de 'possum meat all done gone 'e holler out:

"Weh my 'possum! Weh my 'possum!"

"Den de lil nigger say: 'Gone down yer t'roat, enty! I des come long time nuf ter see yer fling 'way de leavins an' sprawl yerself off deh on de flo'."

"Who—me?" de big nigger say. 'I ainh bin eat no 'possum. Look yuh, nigger! I b'lieve you eat my 'possum! Do n't yer 'ny it. I haul back an' bust you wide open ef you fool wid me. Wut gone wid my 'possum? say!"

"Den de lil nigger des swo' 'e ainh bin tech dat 'possum; 'e say: 'Yer eat it yerself, I tell yer. Looker de grease on dem fingers, look at deh all 'roun' yer mouf. Anh-hanh! wut'd I tell yer?"

"Big nigger hole up 'e han' an' look mighty 'stonish'. Drecky 'e set down an' look all 'roun' an' look back at dem greasy finger an' study an' study. 'E stick out 'e tongue an' tase dat grease 'roun' 'e mouf, an' bimeby 'e say:

"My finger sesso, my mouf sesso, but dam 'f my belly sesso!"

"Lil nigger kin hardly keep from bustin' a-lafin'; 'e say: 'Dat 's mighty cuyus. Sump'n mus' be ail yo' eensides, enty?' An' den dat lil nigger slip out an' come 'way fum deh, an' bless grashus! 'e bin so full 'e kin hardly walk, an' 'e mose ready ter bust a-laf-in'."

"I-y!" cried out one of the listeners, enthusiastically. "Cunnin' mo'n strong, I tell yer. Lil nigger got de bes' er big nigger dat pop, sho'."

A young woman who had deserted the "Cha'm-dat-rabbit" game, and came forward to listen to the talk around the fire, now spoke of something which had happened under her eye in a neighboring cotton-patch the foregoing August, and was thus the means of provoking a tale from old Uncle Jack. A chicken-snake, it seems, had been about to prey upon a hen and her brood in the cotton patch, but a guardian rooster had gallantly interposed to check the assault, and showed such a bold front and made so much noise, that the snake was for the moment intimidated and the hen and her lucky chicks were enabled to make their retreat in safety.

"Chicken-snake look pine-blank lak rattlesnake," said old Uncle Jack, "but dey ainh got de same spunk, no, sur-ee! Had er been rattlesnake, dat mannish rooster would n'er crowed no mo' atter dat day. Rattlesnake donh put up wid no sich—you yeh my horn! Dat put me een mine uv dat tale 'bout de rattlesnake an' de tuckey-gobbler."

"Wut tale dish yuh!" And Uncle Jack had the floor undisturbed as long as his tale might last.

"I yeh um say one time, 'way back yawnder w'en de tuckey useter be de mose proudest bird een de swamp, one time a big ole tuckey-gobbler 'uz comin' 'long thoo de woods, an' fuss t'ing 'e knows 'e run upon a rattlesnake. Tuckey strut 'long so bigity wid 'e tail spread out an' 'e head rear back so high 'e donh hardly see de rattlesnake, an' look lak 'e gwine walk right straight on over 'im."

"Rattlesnake shake 'e rattle, z-z-z-z-z-z-z! an' 'e say: 'Do n't yer walk on me, do n't yer walk on me!'

"Tuckey-gobbler look down at 'im out de cawner 'e eye an' say: 'Eh? was you speakin' ter me?' Den 'e look hard at de rattlesnake an' mek out lak 'e so

little 'e donh know 'im, an' den 'e tu'n up 'e nose an' smile ter 'ese'f an' come a-walkin' right on.

"Rattlesnake bristle up an' squirm 'roun'; 'e say: 'Don't yer walk on me. Bet'n'er walk on me, I tell yer now, z-z-z-z-z-z-z'."

"Tuckey say, 'Humph! ef sich a triflin' lil wurrum lak you so partic'lar, I tink yer better git out de road.'

"Rattlesnake shake 'e rattle wuss. 'E say: 'You mus' be crazy, enty? I have you ter un'erstan' I donh git out de road fer nobody, let 'lone sich a no-count, stuck-up fool, lak you!'

"Ole tuckey rear back an' say, 'Who is you, I lak ter know, ter be talkin' yuh so bigity? You little 'significant 'bug! Is you got de onshoance ter fling sass atter me? You donh know me, duz yer? You dunno no better 'n ter lay und' dat bush an' shake yo' tail atter me?—wen—my—gran'daddy—swallowed—a ALLERGATER!'

"De tuckey stretch 'ese'f up mighty big an' look lak 'e b'lieve 'e could mose swaller a hellyfunt, but de rattlesnake des bust out een a big laugh, an' dreckly 'e up'n say: 'Dass you, is it? I said ter merse'f you 'uz a fool wen I fust seen yer comin'.' Den 'e laf fitten ter bust.

"Ole tuckey-gobbler fightin' mad, you see 'im so. 'E say: 'Shet up dat, suh. I'll mek you laf on tother cider yo' mouf turreckly. I aim ter mek you eat dem words fo' I quit, an' 'e up'n everlas'nly cust de rattlesnake out.

"Rattlesnake shake 'e tail fas'es lightnin', z-z-z-z-z-z-z! 'E say: 'I dare yer ter walk on me! I des dare yer—double-dog dare yer—ter walk on me!'

"An', sah, de ole tuckey so mad 'e des up 'n pounced right on de rattlesnake an' tried ter pop 'e spurs een 'im; but bless yer life! de rattlesnake done bit 'im—*dat quick!* [snapping his fingers]. An' little mo', an' dat bigity tuckey-gobbler done drap down dead. An' dey tell me," continued Uhele Jack, "ever sense dat tuckies bin fwear'd es def er rattlesnake. Oh! I tell yer, wen dey meet up wid dat creetur dey lef' off dey bigity ways, dey drap dey tail mighty quick, you see um so, an' gie de road. Dey donh stop ter 'member wut dey gran'daddy done; dey holler, *put—put—put—put—put!* an' gie ole man rattlesnake plenty room."

LOUIS PENDLETON.

## THE DROUTH AND THE RAIN.

### THE DROUTH.

Oh, good Lawd, de earf is mighty dry,

An' de dust is er-followin' o' de plow,

An' de thirsty jaybirds hop erbout an cry—

'Peers like da's allus in er row.

Oh, de co'n is twistin' up an' de cotton looks bad,

An' de truck patch is parchod till it's brown,

An' de sight o' ever' thing makes us feel so bad

Dat we's 'gusted wid de country an' de town.

We had laid off fur to lib mighty high

As we hulled out de watermelon rine,

But de vines da am yaller an' twisted an' dry—

Tough-lookin' ez er piece er hemp twine.

Oh, good Lawd, is yer gwine ter let us die

Un'er dis hot an' blastin' sky!

An' oh, say, good Lawd, kain't yer 'leabe

our pain

By sendin' us down er shower o' rain?

An' we'll praise Mars Jesus,

An' we'll praise Mars Paul,

We'll praise Mars Aaron,

An' we'll praise Mars Saul.

### THE RAIN.

Oh, de rain hab fell wid er hallelujah soun',

An' de glad co'n lif's its head,

An' my foot sinks inter de 'joycin' groun',

Ez I walks o'er de ingion bed.

De watermelon vine, since de comin' o' de shower,

Is er humpin' o' itse'f right er long—

'Peers like it grows erbout er foot ebery hour—

Jis' lissun at de jaybird's song.

De triflin' ole raskil, he is mighty happy now,

Since de water is er runnin' in de branch;

He's stealin' o' de shelled co'n way from Tildy's cow—

Thinks hisse'f de boss o' dis ole ranche.

Oh, good Lawd, yer did n't let us die

Un'er er hot an' blastin' sky:

An' oh, yas, good Lawd, yer hab 'leabed our

pain

By sendin' us down er shower o' rain.

An' we praise Mars Jesus,

An' we praise Mars Paul,

We praise Mars Aaron,

An' we praise Mars Saul.

OPIE READ.